If thou didst ever know
The tendrest touches of impassion
pass not.
The feeling heart alone
should tarry here.
Angelica Kauffman delin.
Thos. Burke fecit.
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EMMA CORBETT.

By Mr. PRATT.

THE NINTH EDITION.

WITH ELEGANT FRONTISPIECES.

VOL. II.

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1789.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EMMA CORBETT.

LETTER LXXII.

To Sir ROBERT RAYMOND.

WHAT can I ſay to you? Repreſent to yourſelf an old man, bathing his pillow with his tears, and ſuddenly ſtruck, firſt with fortune, then with tranſport! Oh, Raymond, Raymond, the world ſees theſe friendſhips too ſeldom to authoriſe our accepting them: and many a man has been ruined becauſe cuſtom permitted him not to be much

obliged. My misfortunes, indeed, have ariſen from the dire caſualties of war, and not from the waſting luxuries of peace. Public deſolation, and not private vice, has produced them. Yet—the ſum ſo large——the ſituation ſo critical——---the------

Well, well, I will try to recover myſelf, and we will converſe: but I tremble ſtrangely. I almoſt think I could *make* ſuch an offer, even at this frozen time of life, for my heart is yet warm; but oh! how ſhall I bring myſelf to *receive* it? I could bear your ſuperiority, but how can I------

------The world is too ſtrong for the ſtouteſt of us, Sir Robert. At what a pitch muſt vulgar errors have arrived, and what a miſerable age muſt we live in, when the hand of liberality itſelf

trembles

trembles while it is extending, leſt its motive ſhould———

------In ſhort, my friend, I cannot write; but come to me.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER LXXIII.

To FREDERICK BERKLEY, *Eſq.*

I FANCY there was ſome *miſtake* in the letter that I encloſed from Corbett: for I find his affairs are all re-adjuſted, and the generous refuſal of my overtures to Emma (at a time when moſt parents would think them moſt acceptable) has no longer force. The prohibition is taken off, and I am again at

liberty to make myſelf tenderly unhappy.

Corbett is now as much recovered in health as in his circumſtances, and word is juſt brought that Emma is better. O my heart, how ſhall I ſupport the ſight of her!—If her ſickneſs has made any great alteration—if ſhe appears to be in pain, or in any kind of danger, I ſhall aſſuredly diſcover myſelf.

Methinks I have more fondly wiſhed myſelf her huſband ſince her confinement and indiſpoſition, than while ſhe was rejoicing in health and pleaſure. I do not deſire to unite myſelf to her beauty, more than to her weakneſs and diſtreſs. Surely, Frederick, the tender offices of a friend are *moſt* amiable, where they are *leaſt* obſerved by the world. The feebleneſſes to which the tender

tender frame of a woman is ſubject, are perhaps more ſeducing than her bloom. The *healthy* flower looks ſuperior to protection, and expands itſelf to the ſun in a kind of *independent* ſtate; but in nurſing that which *droops* (ſweetly dejected) and is ready to fall upon its bed, our care becomes more dear, as it becomes more *neceſſary*. It is the *parent* and the *friend* rather than the mere *gardener*, that on *ſuch* an occaſion influences: and indeed it will be found upon all occaſions, that the gentleſt parts of our nature are the beſt; and objects are beloved in proportion, not as they are ſtrong, forcible, and defended, but as they are gentle, unreſiſting, and pathetic.

Emma dines below ſtairs. I have not ſeen her for ſeveral days. In the preſent ſtate of my heart, Frederick,

can you not imagine the nature of a ſenſation which partakes equally of hope and fear? If you *can*, you will aſcertain the preſent ſituation of

Your

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER LXXIV.

To EMMA CORBETT.

YES, my dear child, what I aſſerted to you this morning is true. By a chance ſeldom happening to perſons in diſtreſs, I have recovered myſelf. It was like a recovery in the laſt ſtruggling moment of a man's life; for had the relief been delayed longer, it would have been the death of my credit, and you would have mourned over theſe white

white hairs in a *priſon*. Oh! the *means*, the MEANS, my child, by which this mighty bleſſing was effected! The generous hand, the generous heart, from whence——but I am forbid to ſpeak. Cannot you *gueſs?* No! It is impoſſible! It ſeems to be a flight too ſublime—too near heaven for any earthly power to—— And yet, if there *ſhould* be any human being, who has reſcued your father from ſhame, and yourſelf from indigence—if, oh Emma, there *ſhould* be ſuch a character, moving under your eye, and inviting your notice, what—what are the emotions, what the ſentiments you owe him?

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER LXXV.

To FREDERICK BERKLEY, *Eſq.*

FREDERICK, I have again beheld the ſource of my admiration and diſtreſs. She came: ſhe ſat at table: ſaid a few words in a ſilver voice: ſighed ſoftly, and retired. I never beheld any "mortal mixture of earth's mould" ſo touchingly ſweet. She is more intereſting as ſhe is leſs in her bloom. Sorrow has taken the roſe out of her cheek, and left only the lily, which ſeems charmingly to lament the loſs of its companion. She riſes every moment upon me; and ſickneſs, which has weakened *her frame*, appears to have given ſtrength to *my affection*. My wiſhes are augmented, but my expectations are not advanced. I ſee the policy

policy of retreat; and while I *acknowledge* it, am preparing to go on. Yes, Frederick, I am reſolved to open the ſubject, and that immediately.

Adieu!

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER LXXVI.

To C. CORBETT, *Eſq.*

THESE tranſitions are almoſt too much for me—but I welcome the dear agitating ſtroke that gives felicity to my father. As the billet which expreſſes it came to hand, I was about to ſeek your boſom, my venerable parent, and *there* aſſure you with how chearful a *heart* I would follow you through every turn

of your fortune, and with how ready a *hand* I would labour for our ſubſiſtence. I had prepared many a tender argument to prove the *frugality of nature*, and to ſhew how eaſily and how cheaply ſhe might be ſupplied. I would have repreſented to you the ſweets of a couch which ſhould have been ſmoothed by a daughter's care; and of wholeſome viands, provided by your child. Nor ſhould I have failed to remind you of what, in your tenderneſs rather than in your hurry, you have forgotten; namely, that ſum of *three thouſand pounds*, which, in right of my late uncle, I am to inherit;—nor of thoſe glittering baubles, which it would be *infamous* in Emma to *reſerve* or to *wear*, while her father is in diſtreſs. But theſe arguments are unneceſſary, as you are reſtored to happineſs, and there is, it ſeems, ſome noble inſtrument which

Provi-

Providence has made uſe of to produce the bleſſing. What ſentiments and what ſenſations I owe to both, need ſcarcely be made a queſtion. If my ſoul is not inſenſible, it muſt pour itſelf forth in gratitude and prayer, in wonder and in praiſe. But ſtill, methinks, this friendſhip ſhould be accepted ſparingly, my dear father. While a large ſum of money is within the compaſs of our *own ability*, ſhould not our firſt application be to that, and——

Pray forgive me; you taught me to love the language of nature, and muſt not be angry when occaſion calls it forth. Benevolence is a beam from heaven, and deſcends into the heart of man to inſpirit and to chear: but if we do not properly *œconomize* it; if we are *laviſh of the luſtre*, and do nothing of ourſelves, while it is darting upon us——

------In

------In ſhort, my father, I feel myſelf a little *jealous* that, when it became neceſſary for you to place a confidence in any *ſecond* being, you did not ſhew your uſual affection for

EMMA.

LETTER LXXVII.

To FREDERICK BERKLEY, *Eſq.*

SOON after breakfaſt this morning, while Corbett and I were walking in the garden, he took hold of my hand, and laying it to his breaſt, ſaid, "Now, Sir Robert, is the time: my daughter is recovered. Take an opportunity to diſplay your generous attachment. [Faith, Frederick, I do not ſee the generoſity of trying to poſſeſs a fine

fine young woman.] I will give you an opportunity, (continued Mr. Corbett) and pray Heaven it be in her power to give you the poſſeſſion of her hand and her heart !"

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* * * * * *

IN CONTINUATION.

Mr. Corbett informs me that Emma is now gone into the library. She is, he ſays, all *tenderneſs* to-day. It is then the criſis of declaration; the ſeaſon moſt proper to ſpeak; and I think I was never more *unfit* for the undertaking. O that I were younger, handſomer, leſs rich, and more engaging. Indeed I wiſh moſt of thoſe things altered, with which, till I beheld Emma Corbett, I was perfectly ſatisfied. Not a ſyllable

a ſyllable, however, of Henry falls from her. Surely that looks well. At what a twig doth the drowning catch ! I will not cloſe this letter till I can add to it the particulars of our conference.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

IN CONTINUATION

It is paſt. It is decided. I have read my fate, without diſcloſing my condition. I entered the library, and found Emma—ah ! how ſhall I deſcribe to you the ſituation in which I found her ? She had been obſerving the ravages of war, as they are figured in the prints which are hung around the room. I ſaw the tears ſtill ſtanding in her eyes. O thoſe eyes !

And

And what has been the matter, Emma? ſaid I.

I have been weeping over the repreſentation of a *complete victory*, replied Emma. She then traced the bloody progreſs of the pictured battle, and in all the pathos of philanthropy addreſſed me thus :—

" O, Sir Robert, behold the images of conqueſt and defeat? Obſerve two mighty hoſts of human beings met together after the moſt deliberate plans of attack, to butcher one another—to perpetrate *generally* that very crime which, in any *particular* inſtance, is puniſhed by the retaliation of a ſhameful death. To deſtroy an individual is ignominy; but at the maſſacre of an army, the trumpet ſounds its note of boldeſt triumph. The gallows and the halter

halter, the awful trial or gloomy dungeon preceding theſe, are prepared for him, who, in the phrenzy of paſſion, or the raging of deſire, deprives the irritating object of farther *power* to torment; while the laurel and the bay contribute to the garland of *thoſe heroes* who, after returning from the cities they have depopulated, and the territories they have laid waſte, come exulting home in all the honours of blood and ſlaughter.——

She pauſed a moment. A glow of generous ſcorn was in her eye, and ſhe again extended her white arm along the picture, and proceeded.

" Here, Sir, you may obſerve lawful and *glory-crowned murder*, exhibited in every form. See—ſee, into that wretch's quivering ſide, the ball has juſt

juſt entered!---Here lies a head ſevered from the body. There are the mangled reliques of an arm torn from the ſhoulder; and there the wounded horſes are trampling upon their wounded maſters!

"Rights---territories---and privileges, diſputed or invaded, are the great juſtifications! Poor, puerile, and inſufficient!

"——Ah, EARTH, thou common parent---thou whoſe nouriſhing boſom furniſhes to *all* the children of *content* that will *cultivate* thee, how art thou made the object of ambition, and the motive of ſanguine altercation! Into what riduculous portions of ideal property art thou cut out! How art thou quarrelled, how contended for! How often doth the bounteous ſun that ſhines upon

upon thy ſurface to expand the grain, and to cheriſh thy various productions--- Oh, how often do his beams retire, and leave thy verdant mantle dipt in gore! Yet thou haſt *thyſelf*, (improvident mother of theſe wrangling emmets) thou haſt *thyſelf* been, in ſome meaſure, acceſſary to theſe horrors. Oh, that pernicious and faſcinating *droſs* that glows within thee! Why was not the radiant miſchief concealed? Why was the cunning and the curioſity of the child thus permitted to rip the *very bowels of its parent*, and wage unnatural war with his brother about the diviſion of the ſpoil? Avarice and ambition are of the ſame family, and aſſiſt the vices of each other: the one delights in the plunder, the other in the havock by which it is obtained.

"——But

"———But yonder the ruin is more rapid and glorious—behold in yonder corner they are employed in removing the dying and the dead. In that lacerated body there yet ſeems life. It is panting in the picture! how the ſtreams of———Ah, my God! the hoof of a horſe ſeems ready to ſtamp upon his boſom—another ſword is pointed at his throat.—Stop, ſtop, barbarian—he is of thy *kind*—he is thy fellow-creature—perhaps he is cloſely, dearly, TENDERLY connected———reſtrain thy ſacrilegious hand—kill not her whoſe exiſtence is interwoven with his—kill not his helpleſs *children*—reſpect the tender ſtate of unprotected infancy—reſpect the ſoftening bonds of FAMILY—reſpect thy GOD. Oh! Henry, Henry, Henry, ſuch perhaps, even ſuch may be *thy* dire cataſtrophe—ſuch, Hammond, ſuch------"

She

She fell lifeleſs on the floor. Her ſoul was filled with images of the deepeſt horror. It was a noble *phrenzy of tenderneſs* and *humanity*, but it trod too quickly on her late recovery.---She is again carried to her bed. Unhappy Emma!

Oh, Mr. Berkley, what remains She has reſcued me from the miſery of a declaration at leaſt. Her own paſſion is hopeleſs, yet fixed; but mine is in deſpair. She has added at once to my love and to my diſtreſs. What nobleneſs of ſentiment! What virtuous ſorrow! What ſacred *integrity* of attachment! I ſhall be glad when the time for their departure arrives. I ſhall ever be united to the family; but it is impoſſible, I find, to live longer as a part of it.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVIII.

To CHARLES CORBETT, *Esq.*

THE heart of your daughter, my dear friend, is not at her disposal. Let her never know a circumstance which can only render her unhappy.

Your's

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIX.

To LOUISA CORBETT.

WE are returned to town. The ſeveral incloſures will acquaint you with the affecting tranſactions which have paſſed ſince the laſt ſtop in our correſpondence---a ſtop, my dear Louiſa, made in very *ſympathy:* for, though you have of late repeatedly told me that you found a pathetic kind of pleaſure in ſharing griefs ſo congenial to your own, I could not but bluſh at the pain which I muſt often have created you. Yet nature, at this very time---poor feeble nature, ſtrongly prompts me to repeat the fault. My heart ſwells high with ſorrow, and I ſtand in need of the participating Louiſa. Nor will any *but* Louiſa ſoothe me. Mrs. Arnold is generous

nerous and ſenſible, elegant and informed, but, oh! ſhe has not drank ſo largely of that bitter yet ſalutary cup, which ſubdues the effervescence of the ſpirit, and diſpoſes us to melt at the miſeries of another. She is a widow without knowing the value of her huſband, and love ſeems a ſecondary paſſion in her mind to that of glory.

How is it, my friend, that we do not hear from Henry? Ah, what an affecting difference betwixt a poſt-office and a ſhip!

O *diſtance*, DISTANCE, it is now I begin to feel what thou art! Join, I conjure you, Louiſa, the prayer of Emma—ſupplicate the power at whoſe command the winds and the waves are ſtill,—ſupplicate him in behalf of a hapleſs woman, whoſe treaſure is toſ-

ſing on a precarious ſea. Beſeech that the hoſpitable barks may ſalute each other, and that their ſeparation may alleviate mine. Implore that theſe things be granted, and my heart ſhall be at reſt.

——At reſt! and will my alarms be huſhed by ſuch a circumſtance? Are the beatings of the *billows* all I have to fear? Alas, the perils of the water are merely introductory to thoſe of the land. Scarce will the dangers of the flood be paſt, ere thoſe of the field come on. Which way then ſhall my petition be directed? The policy of nations, and the dictates of nature, the voice of ambition, and that of peace, are ſo diſtinct, that a perpetual war ſeems to be proclaimed between *divine* and *human* inſtitutions. The tender and graceful intereſt which nature bids us take in the fate

fate of thoſe whoſe lives and fortunes are dear to us, make us wiſh well to the natives of our country, and the friends of our heart: and it is on this principle, but not for the parade of dominion, or the barbarian fluſh of victory, that I wiſh well to the cauſe of Henry and his aſſociates—I do not ſay COUNTRYMEN, for it appears that *we* are at war with theſe, as *they* with us: a large and once *loving* family divided againſt itſelf. Whom are *we*, Louiſa, to conſider then as an enemy, and whom as friend? WE ſuffer, alas! bitterly, from the conteſt on either ſide.

Oh, God of tranquility! heal up the *mutual* wound, and ſuffer not that which is terrible between *different* people, even in *hoſtile* nations, to become more intolerably ſo by allowing it to rage amongſt *brethren!*

The paths of military honour, Louiſa, are cut through the bowels of humanity; and heroiſm laughs at the apoſtrophe of pity: but I, who want refinement to extinguiſh the ſimplicity of my ſenſations, ſhall yet perſiſt to call even *victory* a calamity.

I am extremely ill, but have relieved myſelf by writing.

Adieu!

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER LXXX.

To FREDERICK BERKLEY, *Esq.*

I MOVE up and down, obedient to the impulse of my passion.

I am now in London, attending the sick chamber of Emma, into which I gain access only by virtue of my profession. Her affection preys fast upon her health. Yet it becomes her age, and its object is amiable. It is an affection which nature, virtue, and religion, conjoin to make respectable. Youth gives it a new charm. Misfortune throws over it a tender and interesting shade. Sickness adorns it with peculiar softness; and absence assists sensibility, in rendering the whole more touching.

Such is the love of Emma: while *mine* is the paſſion of a man who hovers round the idol of his heart with the moſt doating fondneſs, at the time that he is convinced of the folly and impropriety.

In vain, Frederick, you ridicule, invite, and adviſe. I cannot quit Emma. She is ſick, and I am wretched. She loves another, and it does not relax the diligent attentions I pay to her virtue and her beauty. She has fallen in the path of my life, and I make a dead ſtop. I cannot paſs on. Sneer not, jeſt not, but pity my ſenſibility; and if you chooſe to call it by a more cenſurable name, whatſoever it be, *pity me by that.*

I am trying to recover myſelf, but make no progreſs. To ſpeak the truth, I undertake the buſineſs with reluctance,

tance, and cannot expect to ſucceed in it.

Farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER LXXXI.

To EMMA CORBETT.

THERE will be no occaſion, my beloved girl, to uſe any longer the fortunes of a daughter, or a friend. I ſtill have a ſuccedaneum in the care of Providence, who has, in ſome meaſure, repaired the depredations of war.

Your couſin Fanſhaw is juſt dead, and though he would ſuffer neither of us to approach him while living, (how incon-

ſiſtent!) has at length made his will in my favour, annexing this remarkable codicil:—"To Charles Corbett, ten thouſand pounds, becauſe I hear he is a ſufferer by the *war with America*; and to Emma Corbett, his daughter, (whoſe fortune muſt of courſe be leſſened by the ſame means) five thouſand pounds, provided ſhe *does not marry an officer, or any perſon concerned in promoting the conteſt.*"

Adieu! Let theſe tidings revive you.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER.

LETTER LXXXII.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

BLESSED be the memory of the man whoſe generoſity has taken ſuch a load from my heart! Yes, my dear and venerable father, I *am* revived. Sickneſs and ſorrow ſtand ſuſpended at your tidings. We have now ſufficient to gratify every wiſh that contented natures can form. I had been caſting about for means to ſeduce you into accepting my free-will offering of tenderneſs—my mite of duty; but my perplexity is relieved. Ten thouſand pounds will gild the evening of a virtuous life, and three are competent to all the wants of

EMMA.

LETTER LXXXIII.

To LOUISA CORBETT.

THIS yet-continued delay terrifies me. Oh, what minutes have I told over—what days and weeks have I paſs'd!

I conjure you to let Roberts purchaſe all the papers he can collect for a month back, and ſend them, without loſs of time, to the trembling

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIV.

To EMMA CORBETT.

THREE thouſand pounds, my ſweet daughter! why, that which is properly your *own* independence is now *eight* thouſand! How could you congratulate *me*, and forget to felicitate *yourſelf?* But you generouſly annihilated the latter conſideration in reflecting upon the firſt. Such is the noble negligence of your nature. I muſt aſſiſt you too, in obſerving, that the barriers of graceful pride are now thrown down, and the avenue open, clear, and unobſtructed, to any tender partiality, which, you ſuppoſe, may gratify the expectations of your moſt affectionate father,

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXV.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

I WILL not affect to misconceive you, my only parent. You seem constantly anxious to connect me with some worthy man, as the associate of my life; yet do not recollect that my choice is made, my principles fixed, and my heart *inalienably* engaged. An unsubdued veneration for truth attends me. I caught the inspiring affection I bear her, from the respectable authors of my being. It is a prejudice as early as it is amiable, and you should not wonder if I walk steadily in the way of my directors. This, Sir, I have often told you. I have been brought up to consider the happiness of life, not as deducible from the maxims of the world, but from

from implicit reliance upon that power whom heaven has ſeated upon the throne of the ſoul, as an unerring judge in all caſes of moral arbitration. It has been a hard taſk for me to ſtruggle with the various inflictions which have long hung over our houſe, and though the burſt of nature has ſometimes broken unawares, it was not in *thoſe* ſeaſons that I was the moſt unhappy.—When only the pitying eye of God was upon me, when I ſought the ſilent corner, and could ſecretly commune with my own heart, and enter into all its inclinings: then—*then*, my father, it was that the extreme of your Emma's wretchedneſs came over her; for ſhe found it impoſſible to wean her affections from an object, one ſo entirely and with ſo good reaſon approved, and now ſo entirely, and (you will pardon me) without any ſolid reaſons, rejected. I have not, at this period, my

deareſt

deareſt father, collection of mind enough for much argument; but you will pleaſe to recollect that it was you who firſt kindled the ſparks of tenderneſs for Henry. Beſides that, we were brought up together, when gentle impreſſions are eaſily admitted and unreſervedly avowed, you repreſented him as an orphan of honour, talents, and good ſenſe. I depend on every thing you ſay, and was charmed with a ſentiment correſpondent to my own. The affection was full grown, and had expanded into bloſſom, ere you attempted to deſtroy, or even to check it. Then, *all at once*, you ſaid you had your reaſons, (which to this hour remain partly unexplained) to deſire I would think no more of Henry Hammond: yet, you averred, it was not fortune or any other circumſtance relating to what the world calls *a good match*, that created a change in your

your eſteem. Want of *worth*, I am ſure, it *could not* be; and yet you ſtill perſiſt to diſſuade me from attaching myſelf, to merit, elegance, and virtue.

I am glad this method of addreſſing each other by letter, though in the ſame houſe, has, by accident, been adopted. It appeared awkward at firſt, but hath now the familiarity of a habit. It may well be ſaid, in *my* caſe, "to excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart." Yet wherefore do I talk of bluſhing! Surely, it is not neceſſary. I yield not to any romantic pomps of paſſion. I make it not a ſubject where it can be likely to create one diſcordant feeling. I love with ſimplicity and truth: and it is far beyond my power—far, even as the preſervation of a ſolemn vow is from the breach of it, to change my object but with a change of its purity. The oaths that

deareſt father, collection of mind enough for much argument; but you will pleaſe to recollect that it was you who firſt kindled the ſparks of tenderneſs for Henry. Beſides that, we were brought up together, when gentle impreſſions are eaſily admitted and unreſervedly avowed, you repreſented him as an orphan of honour, talents, and good ſenſe. I depend on every thing you ſay, and was charmed with a ſentiment correſpondent to my own. The affection was full grown, and had expanded into bloſſom, ere you attempted to deſtroy, or even to check it. Then, *all at once*, you ſaid you had your reaſons, (which to this hour remain partly unexplained) to deſire I would think no more of Henry Hammond: yet, you averred, it was not fortune or any other circumſtance relating to what the world calls *a good match*, that created a change in your

your eſteem. Want of *worth*, I am ſure, it *could not* be; and yet you ſtill perſiſt to diſſuade me from attaching myſelf, to merit, elegance, and virtue.

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that are taken at the altar, Sir, may *ratify* tenderneſs, but cannot *create* it: and amongſt the ſordid connections of men, it is not uncommon to be inveſted with the public ſanction, without ever receiving a private aſſent from the underſtanding or the heart. I do not think the law of the land, of itſelf, ſufficient to make a woman happy. Marriage is a very honourable, but it may be a very miſerable inſtitution: that is, it may produce miſery while it confers honour. The *ceremony* is only the *ſeal* of mutual love, but the *bond* ſhould be made before; and in point of attachment I hold myſelf at this moment as religiouſly united to Henry as if all the forms of the earth had paſſed my lips in confirmation. The ſame idea will be lodged in my boſom, whether that confirmation be remote or near. It is not intended by heaven to be the affection of a year only.

only. It is to laſt for life. It is to follow its object through all perils and dangers. It's holy ardour is to burn equally bright and pure, and nothing but death is to extinguiſh it. Thus contracted, my father, in ſpirit and in truth, you will eaſily judge how light muſt be the ſacrifice of my couſin's ſtrange legacy. The *political* tenets of Mr. Hammond have nothing to do with my friendſhip for him. As they have carried him into a dangerous path of life, far from *me*, I ſo far deplore them. I choſe not the *officer*, but the *man!* and though it is, alas, but too unlikely that our *perſonal* intereſts ſhould be made *one*, yet the union of our ſouls is too ſincere, and too ſtrong, for five and twenty times the conditional five thouſand pounds to looſen or diſſolve. I felt myſelf about to declare that not *auy* earthly motive could induce me to em-

brace

brace the gorgeous bribe: but I am ſuddenly checked, and find, upon ſcrutiny into this filial boſom, O my dear, *dear* father, that *one* motive, and *only one* there *might* have been, which could make your Emma *the victim of money*.

Had the late convulſions of fortune remained in their full force—had it pleaſed God to *increaſe* their violence—had all that could have been raiſed by the aids of property and induſtry proved inſufficient—and had thoſe venerable hairs been *indeed* conſigned to ſorrow, and none but a *daughter*'s duteous hand to help a parent's poverty; in that dire caſe, my beloved father, if you have a true ſenſe of my nature, you will gueſs what I ſhould have been tempted to do. I ſhould have accepted the conditions in the codicil, and ſecured to my father a reſource from indigence at a time of his

his life when humanity is the leaſt able to bear it. I would *not* then have "married an officer engaged in the national conteſt." Yet even *then*, my affection would remain, though its ultimate views would be changed.

In the private receſſes of my ſoul, the image of Henry would ſtill be engraved; and although I ſacrificed all that was poſſible or neceſſary, to duty, it would be long, very long, ere I could withdraw that chaſte and charming ſentiment which gives me in all tranſitions, a title to eſteem—ah! more than eſteem—to *love—him tenderly*.

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVI.

To HENRY HAMMOND, *Eſq.*

(At New-York, Boſton, or elſewhere, in the army of General ———, in America.)

OH Henry, I can bear it no longer. Heaven knows where you may be at this moment! Heaven knows whether you exiſt! My alarm is extreme. I hazard the fate of a few lines. If they reach you, relate your ſituation, relate your diſaſters. Do not torture—do not kill me; but ſeize the firſt inſtant to quiet the terrors of my heart. You do not know what I am enduring for your dear ſake! You do not know what domeſtic calamities have been heaped upon the anguiſh which ſeemed to admit no exaggeration! Not one moment's peace,

peace, not one moment's health, ſhall I know, till I hear from you.

——----Hear from you! Perhaps, alas even while I write—perhaps ſome ſavage hand——---

Oh Henry, Henry—to love virtuouſly, conſtantly, and entirely----to know the full *value* and the full *danger* of the beloved object----to *wiſh* information, yet *dread* to hear it; is it, oh is it amongſt the ſupremeſt of curſes or of bleſſings?

EMMA

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVII.

To the SAME

ALTHOUGH I have a letter now toſſing with the ſea, and know it muſt be many a day upon its perturbed boſom ere it gets to hand; yet I have again taken up the pen, with increaſe of terror, and, if it were poſſible, of tenderneſs. I am ill, and they will not ſuffer me to quit my chamber. They want to deny me the uſe of the only inſtruments which can even have a chance of conveying to you the ſtate of my heart. They tell me it is dangerous. How I deſpiſe their pedantry! I want not to be taught the *theory* of patience; I have *practiſed* it long. But horrors, too great for patience itſelf, at length invade me! Oh, by the agony which you cauſe, and by

by all the dreadful nights and days that you make me ſuffer, *reſpect my misfortunes!* Relieve, recompence, and redreſs them. One page, one line, one ſentence, will ſuffice. Say but that all is well—ſay that you breathe, and I will be again compoſed. Oh, Mr. Hammond, whereſoever you are, or whatever has befallen you, if there has been a poſſibility of ſending to me, you *ſhould* (in pity to the condition of my mind) you *ought* to have remembered me. Unleſs —which heaven avert!---ah! I will not ſuffer myſelf to reſt a moment on ſuch a horrid thought----and yet this ſuſpence, this agonizing ſuſpence, preſents nothing but images the moſt dire. Tell me explicitly, fully, circumſtantially. I conjure, I *inſiſt* that you let me know every thing without diſguiſe, without delay. Alas! how I write on—how I rave. But I will be very calm; indeed I will. I will endeavour

endeavour to ſit my mind for every ſtroke but——

——Oh Hammond, Hammond, what a wretch have you made of

EMMA CORBETT.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To LOUISA CORBETT.

CONGRATULATE me, oh Louiſa! congratulate yourſelf—congratulate humanity; for one of its chief ornaments yet *lives*. I exiſt. I breathe. I recover. Henry is well. Behold the incloſed. Sanctify it with a ſiſter's kiſs, but oh, eraſe not thoſe which Emma has impreſſed on every line. It is dated at ſea; but the intelligence chears me. I

*tr*uſt

truſt in Providence, and am moſt happy. Receive my treaſure, but keep it not beyond the returning of the poſt. *So* long I part from this dear aſſociate of my pillow, in love to thee, thou ſiſter of Henry. I cannot ſleep while it is out of my poſſeſſion. It is an inſtance of my friendſhip which ſurpaſſes all common bounds. My fever abates: my pulſes reſume a wholeſome meaſure. Hope is buſy in every vein. I can bear the viſitation of the ſun-beam, and will now retire to reſt, ſoftly ſupplicating that Power, which alone can relieve me, to continue the bounty he has begun.

Adieu!

EMMA.

LETTER LXXXIX.

To EMMA CORBETT. *

AT length, my beloved friend, an opportunity preſents itſelf. I had prepared a large pacquet againſt this dear chance, but it was filled with gloom, deſpondence, and images of ſevere diſtreſs. *Better proſpects* appear; and I have buried my ill news in the ocean. We are joined by ſhips which are freighted with large and liberal offers of *conciliation*. They are formed, methinks, to ſuit the ambitious and graſping ſpirit even of an American; and they muſt, I think, be accepted. Once more regulated by maternal laws, the wayward child ſhall again proſper. The treaſures of either hemiſphere ſhall

* The incloſure from Mr. Hammond.

again

again be ſhared. The arms of a great nation ſhall no longer be employed to annoy, but to defend. Our refractory fellow-ſubjects ſhall ſoften into their former ſentiments. I am now, Emma, within ſight of the land: Reconciliation is expanding her angel plumes before us, and my preſence will, I truſt, be no further neceſſary, than as it will give me an opportunity to *witneſs* the joy when a truant child is reſtored to the protection of an offended parent. Great-Britain, all inſulted as ſhe is, ineffective as have been her affectionate advances, and ſcorned as have been her profeſſed kindneſs, ſhall receive with tranſport her America. The temporary eſtrangement ſhall only ſerve, like the quarrel of friends, to brighten the bonds of future amity.

O PEACE, thou image of Divinity itſelf!—deſcend, oh deſcend upon *that earth* from whence the miſtakes of altercating relations have ſo long affrighted thee! Melt the hearts of contending countrymen, and ſhape every jarring intereſt they maintain, till all confeſs thy celeſtial ſway.—Subdue, gentleſt power! the fierce ſoul of ambition, ſoften the ſinews of authority, and let the countenance of offended Majeſty ſhare the tenderneſs of a father—ah! come, I implore thee, and come without delay! Let not Henry fight againſt the cauſe for which Edward fell! Let there be no longer cauſe to fight. Expand thy ſnowy wing over the ſame people—replace brother in the embraces of brother, and friend in the foldings of friend. Let a ſoldier in *this* inſtance ſupplicate thee to ſheathe the ſword. Reſerve his arm for the *natural* enemies of

of his country, and make it not a duty to go forth againſt a *civil* foe. I addreſs thee, O loveliеſt, O divine ſpirit of Peace, in the name of all the dear and delicate affections—affections which make up thy enchanting train. I call upon thee in the names of nature, reaſon, humanity, and good faith—in the names of father, child, and all connections that are moſt precious. I call in the names of Emma and Louiſa. My invocation can aſcend no higher, nor can——

——Hah—ſoft, ſoft, my Emma—methinks the invocation is heard. The courted Deity deſcends in all the benignity of her brightneſs. She is ſurrounded with ſun-beams ſoftened by tender fleecings of ſky which form her chariot. The eternal olive mixes in the ray which waves over the turrets of the

weſtern world. War is diſarmed. The horrid parent of fetters is *himſelf* in chains. He ſullenly yields his giant limbs. He is bound as a priſoner, and the victory is given to nature and to peace!

——Oh what a lucid throng comes forward as incident to the conqueſt. The Arts revive. The Muſes confeſs the triumph of the Affections with a ſong. Vegetation, though lately trampled down, ſprings up and freſhens under the feet of Induſtry and Repoſe, who both aſſiſt the general reſtoration of their flowery realms. The ſacred power of *Friendſhip* regains his ſtation in the human mind. The tender power of *Love* re-aſcends his throne, and ſtretches his roſeat ſceptre over the human heart. The trembling maids—the *Emmas* which embelliſh the earth, receive

receive their returning heroes without a wound!

Our ſails are thrown back, my beloved Emma. The ſurface of the *ſea* at this moment is emblematic of peace, The captain of our veſſel is preparing papers for England, to be taken by the ſhip which is gently floating along-ſide of us. She is going from the General with diſpatches; probably of a pleaſing nature. All ſeems full of promiſe—and oh, what ſweet and affecting pleaſure it affords me, while I am writing this! (the barks of fair propoſal making the beſt of their way before me.) I anticipate the tranſport with which my tidings will be received—and imagine the effect they will have on the exacteſt form, and moſt touching features, my eyes ever beheld. I ſee, methinks, the ſoft tear of genuine joy courſe along the cheek, or ba-

thing the cryſtal that covers my portrait—the inviſible ſigh ſteals through its vermeil paſſages—the roſy gates of life and love are opened to welcome the news, and balmily breathe over it a tender aſpiration.

Adieu! Adieu! the pacquets are ready. I am in hope: I am in Heaven.

Adieu!

HENRY HAMMNOD.

LETTER

LETTER XC.

To FREDERICK BERKLEY, *Esq.*

A Fortunate change has happened, Frederick, in this family, ſince my laſt. Emma is all rapture and all health. She has heard from Henry Hammond, and the effect of this intelligence *writes triumphant love* upon every feature. Her languor is gone. Her tears ſtream from *happineſs* only. She ſighs with bliſs.

Upon my entering the room about an hour ago, ſhe caught hold of my hand, and as I was about feeling her pulſe, exclaimed—"O Sir Robert, the panacea is arrived. I am well. I am happy."

By my ſoul, Frederick, her joy and her ſorrow are alike amiable; and tho' both are to me as adverſe winds, yet the more ſhe diſtreſſes me the more I love her.

Adieu!

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER XCI.

To LOUISA CORBETT.

O Good God! who ſhall preſume to fathom the depths of human miſery, when it is thy will to exerciſe the chaſtening rod? The felicity ſo lately brought me was as the lightning before the ſtorm, and only announced its approach. The thunderbolt has at length fallen to cruſh the moſt unfortunate

EMMA CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER XCII.

To EMMA. CORBETT.

IS he then dead? is *he* too numbered with the ſlain? and hath the noble youth ſo *ſoon* followed the lovely Edward? Alas! I ſuſpected this, even while your letter of fairer information lay before me. In vain expectance of finding ſomething that relates to the fate of my huſband, even againſt the convictions I have of his death, I fondly examine every paper and public print relating to the war, that fall in my way. In the Gazette of laſt night I perceive there has been an engagement, and I read with ſtreaming eyes an account of the wounded and the ſlain. Yet, are you *ſure* of your intelligence? I hope it is, in part, ill-founded; for I perceive not the

the name of Hammond in either liſt. An Enſign *Haddock*, and a Captain *Hammerſon*, are mentioned amongſt the *wounded*; but theſe do not approach very near even in ſound. I will enquire farther immediately; mean time hope—hope every thing, deareſt friend. My brother!—oh no—I will not have it ſo.

LOUISA CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER XCIII.

To LOUISA CORBETT.

THE *Gazette! ſlain! wounded!*—Oh, I had no conception to what an extreme of miſery I was reſerved! You have miſtaken me: but of what dire information has that miſtake been productive? There *has* then been an engagement! You have ſeen the bloody liſt. It muſt have been *purpoſely* concealed from me. The ſkirmiſh, you ſay, was ſudden. You read of a Captain *Hammerſon*. In the hurry of war it is eaſy to drop one ſyllable, or to add another. Theſe conflicts are too great.

The incloſed will ſhew you that the wounds of Henry need not have been ſubjoined

ſubjoined to the violence of a parent blinded by the rage of hydra *party!*

The *wounds* of Henry, did I ſay—O, hold—hold, my heart; I cannot bear it —indeed I cannot.

Adieu! I will think upon a remedy.

Adieu!

EMMA.

LETTER XCIV.

To EMMA CORBETT.

EMMA, be yourſelf. You *muſt* make one generous effort. I ſee you languiſhing under my eye, and cannot bear it. Thrice have I ſeen you in the ſick chamber within a few weeks. It is eaſy to perceive that your whole ſoul is pining after Henry—the *perfidious* Henry; with whom your union *muſt never be* while you think proper to own a *father*, and accept his *protection*. I tell thee, Emma, that were he this moment *returned*, and returned with what degenerate Britons *now* call *glory*—nay, could he lay the conqueſt of the plundered colonies at *thy feet*, their exiſts a reaſon which would make it vile—yes, mark the ſtrength of the term—VILE, in

Emma

Emma Corbett, to accept it. But I ſee nothing leſs than the entire explanation of the fact will convince thee. To cruſh, therefore, every lingering hope at once, know, thou dear infatuated, thy father ſtill leans his very ſoul on the welfare of America. Thoſe fortunes which have been deſtroyed, thoſe debts which have impoveriſhed me, as well as thoſe ample ſtreams of commerce which rolled unobſtructed from ſhore to ſhore, were all dedicated to injured America. For *her* thy brother's blood was ſhed, and had I yet more ſons, more fortunes, and more reſources, they ſhould all be at the ſervice of that violated country. She is injured—ſhe is aggrieved, my daughter. Her oppreſſions are at my heart. The ſtrings that fix it to my boſom are trembling for her. She glows with a generous love of freedom. She has been condemned without

without a hearing. She was ſtabbed into reſiſtance. The ſword was held to her throat, ere ſhe thought of ſelf-defence. Conflagration, famine, and parricide, have entered her late peaceful habitations. The common bounties of Providence have been denied her. The blood of citizens, of brothers, and of friends, are flowing in rivers through her ſtreets.

I have not, Emma, been one of thoſe who hawk about my principles, and ſaunter in babbling ignorance from coffee-houſe to coffee-houſe. I am *fixed* in *my* politicks, and think my ſteady adherence to them a part of my *religion*. Since we are cruelly taught to make a ſanguinary mark of diſtinction between an Engliſhman and an American, I own myſelf the latter, and deplore the infirmities that prevent me from ruſhing to

to the field. My child, my child, I know the ruinous rapacity, the murder, the VILLAINY, of this unnatural war. I enter deeply, and pathetically, into every wrong which America ſuſtains. It is the only point wherein I am enthuſiaſtic, and it is the only point where enthuſiaſm is great and glorious! Do not imagine, raſh girl!——monſtrous thought! do not DARE to imagine, ungrateful Henry ſhall ever receive the hand of Emma. Spare me, beloved daughter, in this one part—this ſore, this tender part—and in every *other*, command your father! You owe me this ſubmiſſion, you owe me this FAVOUR, this *indulgence*. I would have preſerved your Hammond, and oppoſed his entering into this wicked employment, but it was impoſſible. High of heart, he ſcorned to be even *tenderly* controuled. I endeavoured to win him generouſly

generouſly over to an honourable cauſe. He called it inſult, bribery, baſeneſs. The military diſtraction was throbbing in every vein. When I argued, he juſtified every meaſure of miniſtry. *Great-Britain*, he ſaid, was groſsly abuſed—her lenity ſcorned—her laws defied—her ſublime prerogative contemptuouſly ſet at nought. He ſpoke loud and vehement of American *rebellion*. The honour of the empire, he ſaid, now depended on the exertion of each individual, and it was the duty of every young man (whom every tie of intereſt, every bond of loyalty, and every principle of policy called upon) to manifeſt his zeal, his courage, and his attachment. He went on, my child, in all the foaming folly of youth, declaring, that he ſhould account himſelf baſe, were he to deny the *contribution* of his arm. The greater his love for *Emma*,

the

the nobler his *ſacrifice*, he ſaid. He was determined: he had made up his mind; and was reſolved to defend his country, or glorioufly periſh in her ruins. I pitied his delirium, yet venerated his ardour. Well directed, of what was it not ſuſceptible! He was above admonition, and kept erring on. In true tenderneſs to thee, my Emma, I forgot the dignity of age, and even ſtooped to intercede. After all my letters to him were in vain, I privately ſought a perſonal interview, but his boiling ſpirit took fire. I reluctantly withdrew, and gave up the point.

Oh America, thou bleeding innocent, how art thou laden with oppreſſions! Oh my child, my child! Nature, Religion, and Religion's *God*, are on her ſide; and will you take to your arms, and to your embraces, a youth who propenſely

penſely *violates* theſe? — a cruel youth, whoſe reeking blade may at this moment ſmoke with kindred gore! Tyranny hath not a reſerve of barbarity in ſtore. She is exhauſted. Your Henry is a *volunteer* amongſt thoſe who, as an acquiſition to the Britiſh army, have added the tomahawk, the hatchet, and the ſcalping-knife. And will the tender-hearted Emma continue to love ſuch a barbarian! Away, away, it will not bear a thought! Baniſh, obliterate, *deteſt* him. He is in open rebellion againſt the *laws of nature.* Let your affections flow into a fairer channel—ah, ſuffer a parent's hand to conduct them. He has a *friend* in reſerve, my dear—*ſuch* a friend——

But tell me that you have *reſumed yourſelf.* Tell me that you are *indeed* my daughter. Adieu!

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER XCV.

To FREDERICK BERKLEY, *Eſq.*

I WILL withdraw my fooliſh ſelf from this *ill-ſtarred attempt*. Go down to Caſtleberry, and I will meet you there without delay.

The perplexity of intereſts in this family, where each part oppoſes the other, and where ſtill greater entanglement is promiſed, are really too great for *me*, who have made a ſudden tranſition from quietneſs to agitation.

You cannot reprobate my weakneſs in a keener ſtile of cenſure than I myſelf do. Oh, I know full well the unfitneſs of ſuch ſtorms to the ſober ſeaſon of my life. I conceal the cauſe from all but

but you, and your reproof ſhews me, how little mercy I might expect were that cauſe imparted to leſs generous hearts.

The matter grows too intereſting. A certain darling paſſion, which ſcarce confines Corbett on this ſide phrenzy, and the avowed pre-engagements of Emma, which are more than barriers of iron againſt me, unite to convince me of the neceſſity of retreat. *Expect* me, therefore; and when we are together, prepare yourſelf with ſubject of converſation, which, indeed, may take any turn but that of my *infirmity:* All men, who are *conſcious* they poſſeſs any, proſcribe this. In happineſs and in miſery, Frederick, we have a few grains of ſelf-love; and, while all its proud aſſociates croud about us, we ſuffer no

theme

theme to be diſcuſſed that can humiliate us to ourſelves.

Your's

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER XCVI.

To the SAME.

STOP, ſtop, dear friend. Viſit not Caſtleberry yet. I have twice attempted to take leave, and twice failed—twice packed, and twice unpacked my portmanteau—twice ordered my ſervant to get horſes, and twice pretended to be weather-wiſe, and, as an excuſe for *changing my mind*, have propheſied a *change of atmoſphere*. In the noon-tide brightneſs of the ſun, I have predicted

ſtorm

ſtorms and hurricanes! and it is in vain the fellow caſts his eye to the heavens, and declares that the weather is fixed. It is his maſter, alas! and not the air, which is unſettled.

A little delay can make no difference. Indulge me. Humour me.

Within a poſt or two I will decide, and decide too as you and as *common ſenſe* demand of me.

Farewell!

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER XCVII.

To the SAME.

I COME, my dear Frederick; I come. The confuſion of the Corbetts —— the abſurd, yet afflicting, emotions of my own heart——the—the—the——In ſhort——I ſet out to-morrow.

Adieu!

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XCVIII.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

I HAVE a ſuſpicion that Mr. Hammond is wounded; let that circumſtance, oh my father, account to you for the horrors of mind which have for ſome days locked up every power of hand and of voice. The former faculty is in ſome meaſure reſtored, ſo far at leaſt, as tremblingly to trace upon paper ſomething like an anſwer to your affecting favour; every ſyllable of which is as an envenomed arrow fixing in my boſom. Your determined objection then to poor Henry is at laſt accounted for! I thought the ſanguine track of party was waſhed wholly from a father's heart by the blood of my brother. Shall political prejudices interrupt the fineſt af-

fections of humanity? Horrid is the aſpect of battle, view it on either ſide. It cannot ſhift to an attitude, nor take *one poſition*, to ſoften its terrors upon the reflecting *mind*. To THAT it is uniformly odious; nor is it at all amended by conſidering, that as it began ſoon after the *creation*, it will ſcarcely end till the deſtruction of the world. It has, even within the narrow precincts of *our* family, divided the ſon from the father, and the lover from his miſtreſs; let it not be rendered *more* dire by ſetting the intereſt of the daughter againſt that of her moſt honoured parent, ſince *that* would be to encourage the madneſs of mortals, and the civil peſtilence, that in the form of a *family-war*, is gone forth againſt us. It would violate the gentle law of nature, and tear down thoſe conciliating ties which faſten *kindred* in one vaſt chain of connection,

ample

ample as earth, and beautiful as heaven. You have painted your own patriotiſm and that of Henry, Sir, with equal vigour of language; at leaſt, you have ſaid enough either way to prove that *both* fancy the *cauſe adopted* is the cauſe of rectitude and glory. When one ſide attacks, the other muſt naturally defend; on which account, while the ſpirit of contention remains, ſome will vehemently cenſure the very meaſures which ſome as vehemently applaud. But in avowing your own enthuſiaſm, my dear father, do you not, in effect, juſtify that of Henry? You both ſeem to hug to your boſoms a political Cleopatra, for whoſe ſake you are willing to gain or to loſe a world. England is to Henry what America is to you. Each inſiſts that he is eſpouſing the cauſe of an injured friend: and while this is the caſe, how can it be expected that *either*

ſhould yield? In fact, would not ſuch a conceſſion, according to the preſcriptions of *honour*, in this world's acceptation of the word, be accounted baſe?

You have, you ſay, attempted to direct the ſword of Henry on the better ſide of the diſpute. *Which is* that better ſide? Henry declares for Britain; you for America. What third perſon ſhall decide between you? The feeble voice of a woman will neither be heard or admitted. Elſe might ſhe venture to aſſert that your countrymen are bleeding abroad, while the point of right and wrong is adjuſting at home. This however is clear, my dear father, from your own premiſes: if Henry thought himſelf inſulted by the propoſal of changing his ſide, *you* would have been no leſs ſtung, had a ſimilar propoſition come from *him* to *you*. And this proves that

that both are acting on what is called patriotic principle. What right reaſon then has the one to be diſpleaſed with the other? Yet upon this diſpleaſure on your part, you urge me to withdraw my vows. Are then virtuous reſolutions ſo to be withdrawn, my father? When affection is faſhioned by the feelings, and long cheriſhed in a ſoul which neither projects nor practiſes any ill, whoſe every thought is ſubmitted to the holy criticiſm of heaven, nor ever dreads the ſcrutiny—is it, under theſe circumſtances, of a texture ſo convenient, as to ſhift from ſide to ſide with every gale of opinion? Wherefore, let me once again tenderly enquire, wherefore did you originally inſpire me with a veneration for ſober reaſon? Why infuſe in me a ſteady and generous way of thinking? Was it deſigned for ornament or for uſe? If not intended as

the *governing rule of conduct*, through every maze of this mortal pilgrimage, oh wherefore did you not at *firſt*, even in the nurſery, while every power was impreſſive, and would have taken the form you choſe to give it—wherefore *then* did you not lead me into the path that I was to tread without ſtop or turning? Alas! you have given me fixed principles, acknowledged they were good, ſaw them with joy take root in my heart, and now you expect in their fulleſt growth, and fineſt foliage, that they ſhould ſuddenly periſh. But the habits of my youth are grown ſo ſtrong, that I feel it is too late for me to deal in diſguiſes. I will not now begin an artificial character. Oh! ſuffer me to implore you, Sir, to continue my attachment to Truth and Nature. I know nothing of State wrangles, or Congreſs quarrels. I mix not with the infuriate

infuriate errors of party. I only act up to thoſe ſimple principles of moral life, which aſſure me that conſtancy in favour of a *known valuable object* (not obſtinate predilection to a *bad one*) is the baſis on which the ſuperſtructure of all that is noble, juſt and good, muſt be raiſed. My wiſdom is extremely limited. It ſtretches not into thoſe maxims which deſolate the earth for a vapour of victory, nor does it preſume to penetrate the ſcheme of government. All it *does* pretend to, belongs to that ſmall and dear ſyſtem in which every woman ought to be inſtructed; namely, that a *well-fixed tenderneſs* ſhould never be removed, that it ſhould brave the ſtorms of fortune and diſtreſs, that while life remains it ſhould be the animating *purpoſe* of life to *cultivate* it, and that death, and death *only*, ſhould diſſolve the bonds which virtue had made.

If my beloved father would for one moment lay the clamorous contentions of a bickering ſpecies aſide, and ſubmit to be charmed by that diſpaſſionate power which decides calmly of truth and falſehood, he would be convinced of this; I am ſure he would: for his nature is gentle, and his heart is ſoft. Ah think what a taſk it is for your ſoul-ſick Emma to be under the neceſſity of uſing theſe pleadings at *ſuch a time!* Come to her bed-ſide—perhaps the cauſe of *our* diſputes may now——

Oh for pity, my father, haſten to me —aid me in this dreadful conflict—reſcue me from myſelf—wipe away the bittereſt tear that anguiſh ever drew from the heart of a daughter, and recover me, ere it be yet too late, from the arms of death.

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER XCIX.

To EMMA CORBETT.

UNgrateful Emma! perverſe and inſenſate child! You merit neither the pangs you coſt me, nor the tenderneſs you receive from me. I gave you a reaſon cogent enough to have weaned a *worthy* girl from a thouſand Hammonds. To that I might have added the ſudden departure of a generous friend, who I *now* tell you (for I can hold no longer) would have laid his fortune at your feet. This, indeed, you muſt have ſeen, ſince nothing but the moſt extreme ſtupidity could remain ignorant of thoſe attentions which, for many weeks paſt, have been laviſhed upon you by Sir Robert Raymond, a man, oh inconſiderate! who ſaved thy aged father in the very

criſis of his misfortunes; and too delicate to demand as a debt the tender returns of love, which he would have ſued for as a favour, is gone, almoſt broken-hearted, away. I had promiſed to *conceal* his confidence, but you extort it from me: nay, you continue ſtill to doat upon the wretch who is fighting againſt all the beſt and deareſt connections of your family. I will not endure it. You aſſume the language of deciſion, and call it the ſentiment of reaſon. You ſet yourſelf up as a judge, and lift your woman's voice againſt the ſacred principles of patriot and parent. It is not to be borne. Let me hear no more on the ſubject. Ceaſe your threats about daggers, darts, and death. I look DOWN upon ſuch romance. Forbear to urge me. You are not to learn the touches of my temper. *My principles* are not leſs ſacred than *your paſſion.*

Your

Your principles! What are they? Airy nothings. *Mine* are the ſolemn affections of a lover of his country, and a deteſter of its oppreſſors, a *deteſter of Henry Hammond!* Why will you drive me to this? I know nothing of his wounds; but if he has *received ſome*, there is reaſon to ſuppoſe he has *given more:* at leaſt his bloody endeavours cannot have been wanting, and every one is in the boſom of your father's native land. Your affection is that of a girl whimpering after a boy. Is this an affection to be brought in competition with that glorious fire which the love of liberty, and an abhorrence (as ſettled as it is ſublime) of rights uſurped and faith broken? Is your puerile, yet headſtrong, inclination worthy to be brought into conſideration with the paſſion that fills the breaſt, and fires the ſoul, of your afflicted and offended father, CHARLES CORBETT

LETTER C.

To LOUISA CORBETT.

THE characters of my pen will diſcover to you the condition of my heart. Sickneſs, ſorrow, diſtraction, and deſpair, are the apologies I have to offer for ſilence.

Do not grieve for the news you ſent, or rather that you ſent me ſuch news. It inſpires a thought whoſe influence chears me; but I want health. Oh that I could recover!—that I could gain but a little ſtrength!

Enough. Writing will exhauſt me. I muſt nurſe myſelf. A new cauſe of ſorrow too! Sir Robert Raymond has——

has——Generous man! how I feel for him!

Louiſa, adieu. Pray for my recovery, I conjure you. I would uſe it to a worthy purpoſe. I would apply it, as every gift of God *ought* to be applied.

Louiſa, farewell.

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER CI.

To EMMA CORBETT.

THE news of the day——oh, how ſhall I relate it! The rebels, as they are called, have cut to pieces the greateſt part of——: And yet this is mere newſpaper report. Henry perhaps may be amongſt thoſe who eſcaped the ſlaughter.

I cannot ſupport theſe ſtrokes. I will enquire no more. Let us hope.—Deſpair would kill me.

LOUISA CORBETT.

LETTER.

LETTER CII.

To LOUISA CORBETT.

IT is ſufficient. Let our reſearches ceaſe. God Almighty bleſs my Louiſa and her babe! Heaven's pity and protection be upon them! Emma, bent on her knee, offers this prayer to her Maker. It is her legacy. It is her laſt leave of love and ſiſtehood.

Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

EMMA.

LETTER CIII.

To Sir ROBERT RAYMOND.

O Raymond, Raymond! my oldeſt friend, my trueſt companion! Pity, ah pity the anguiſh of a father—pity a parent whoſe perſecutions have driven away his child! Emma hath eloped. Heaven knows where ſhe has wandered. Under pretence of viſiting a friend near town, ſhe went in one of the public ſtages, with intent, as ſhe ſaid, to return in the evening. The friend whom ſhe *pretended* to viſit, was Mrs. Arnold of Richmond, on whom ſhe has often called in a neighbourly way. I remained therefore perfectly unalarmed till twilight. A tempeſt of thunder and lightning happening about nine o'clock, I ſent over a ſervant to Mrs. Arnold's,

Arnold's, imagining ſhe might be afraid to come through it alone. The ſervant returned from Mrs. Arnold with news that Emma called there for a few minutes by way of a morning ride, but went away in a great hurry. It was near midnight before I received theſe horrid tidings, and then I ordered my horſes to be harneſſed, and went at full ſpeed to every houſe where the ſtages ſet up. The people were all in bed, and I obtained anſwers to my queſtions with difficulty. None were ſatisfactory. I traverſed the ſtreets in a diſtracted manner; for, oh, you know how I doat upon Emma! I could not give the coachman any direction, and he continued dragging me about; but I bid him go any where rather than to my own houſe. No trace—no clue—no glimmering of hope! Hard-hearted girl! What though I urged her to forget the

the ungenerous Henry, am not I her father? But I will be calm, I will cut her from my affections for ever.

I am juſt got home. It is day-break. The ſervants are all diſperſed to hunt after a run-a-way girl. What a dreadful morning! The hemiſphere is all in a blaze?—The wind blows hard!—The firmament opens its flaming breaſt!—I ſee into its bowels. I am ſitting all alone. Oh, my heart, what a thunder-clap was there!—It is now rolling along the ſphere. Oh Emma, Emma, my daughter—my child—my darling—where, where art thou? Another! WONDER-WORKING GOD! Behold a contrite parent upon his knees, lame and decrepid as he is, to ſupplicate a covering for the beloved fugitive. Perhaps, Raymond, our poor diſconſolate—the mutual joy of our hearts—perhaps

haps ſome ſudden ſtroke of——I dare not turn imagination that horrible way. No, no: Emma is at laſt diſobedient, ſhe is baſe, ſhe has abuſed her father, ſhe——

Wherefore do not my ſervants return? Villains, how dare they ſport with a ſorrow like mine? They know not what it is to be a parent!

Alas! I rave. They have not been long gone from me, and were they *already* to come back, I ſhould baniſh them from my preſence for ever. I know not what I would have. I only know, oh Raymond, that the univerſe cannot contain a more unhappy man than

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER CIV.

To C. CORBETT, *Eſq.*

AS your letter arrived, I was about to ſend you an expreſs. I have heard from Emma. Oh, my friend, you muſt arm yourſelf with fortitude. The poſt brought me the incloſed about an hour before dark. Emma lives, is recovering—for the reſt prepare yourſelf. Prepare yourſelf to hear of fidelity, heroiſm, and reſolution, which claim admiration even from us whom they afflict, whatever be their iſſue.

I perceïve that the preſent ſtate of your mind, my dear unhappy Corbett, too much reſembles my own, for my company to ſerve you. Let us try the force of ſeparate reflection.

Read

Read the letter of our beloved wanderer, and tell me what is to be done!

Your's,

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CV.

To Sir ROBERT RAYMOND.*

I CLAIM the aſſiſtance of a man whom I know to be generous, who honours me with his eſteem, and whom I venerate for the antient friendſhip that has long united our families. By the powerful force of *all* theſe feelings, I conjure you, on the receipt of this letter, to viſit my father. Aſſure him that his dear, dear image lives unimpaired in my

* The Incloſure from Emma.

my heart. Tell him that my abſenting myſelf in this manner is not the truant trick of a girl who triumphs in the vexation of a parent, but proceeds from a motive moſt virtuous, moſt irreſiſtible, moſt conſcientious—from a duty that appeals to my heart, my ſenſes, and my ſoul. O let him not think that I *glory* in the neceſſity which takes me one moment from *him*. I lament, I weep, I mourn over it. I could wiſh that each duty went hand in hand, and that ſome of their objects did not lie ſo wide apart from others. Superior to every deceit, I would have conſulted my father even on the preſent meaſure, but he will recollect the terror into which his late converſations threw me, and will then be convinced how impoſſible it was to riſque ſuch an ecclairciſſment. Yet even now I will forbear to juſtify my departure, becauſe I would ſuffer

ſome

ſome reproach myſelf, rather than try to eſtabliſh an irregular example. But the Power who is giving me ſtrength to ſuſtain the great buſineſs I am about to undertake, has placed in my boſom ſomething which reconciles me to the enterprize. Oh Sir Robert, there is a duty which *muſt* be performed—at leaſt attempted. Nature, reaſon, honour, and faith the moſt hallowed, all ſtir within me; nay GOD himſelf, at the marking of whoſe awful name I bow, ſeems looking down from his heaven of heavens with approbation. I may ſeem to be romantic, when I mean only to ſhew myſelf ſincere. All ſort of reſearch will be in vain. I would not have yielded to the leaſt ſemblance of a ſcheme, which is moſt terrible to my nature, could it by any means have been avoided. My father will call to mind certain ſen-

timents, and do me juſtice in his own dear boſom on this occaſion.

Sir Robert Raymond, I ever deſired to be uniform, and to reconcile the diſtinct parts of my conduct with the whole. Yet I will bear up againſt the charge of impropriety in this one inſtance for the ſake of ——. But further explanation is unneceſſary.

Go then, oh amiable mediator betwixt parent and child—go, and plead my cauſe in all the eloquence of friendſhip. Obtain for me the paternal pardon—ſuſtain his heart, and do not leave him a prey to ſorrow.

Excuſe my forbearing to give you my addreſs. Pity the concealments which are thus impoſed. Be it ſufficient

cient that I will continue to ſend you accounts of myſelf at every opportunity.

Oh, farewell!

EMMA CORBETT.

LETTER CVI.

To Sir ROBERT RAYMOND.

YOUR letter, Sir Robert, with its dear and dreadful incloſure, came to hand. It is now before my eyes, which are ſtreaming in penitence for the phrenzy which has baniſhed my daughter. I now behold the whole matter too plain. Oh my friend, I treated the moſt dutiful of children with unwonted harſhneſs, and in the patriot I

extinguiſhed the parent. I expected that a ſoul like Emma's ſhould circumſcribe itſelf within the pale of politics. Curſe on the rage of party! Execrated be the tyrannies of war! Ah what are cauſes, countries, worlds, to the loſs of one dear child, adorned with the virtues of Emma Corbett! Blind, doating zeal! what haſt thou to do with an old man's heart? What, with the ſacred ſeaſon of the ſilver hair? Is mine an age to engage in theſe tumultuous ſubjects? No. I ſhould have taken my darling daughter to my boſom, and with an enlarged benevolence prayed fervently for the returning embrace of a divided people. *That* would have been true patriotiſm and true philanthropy. Inſtead of which, dolt and dotard as I was, I mixed with hot-headed giddineſs in the affray. I intereſted myſelf in every fugitive breath of vague intelligence

gence; and while I talked of juſtice, I was encouraging ſlaughter; wholly forgetting, or too blood-thirſty to remember, that either army is compoſed of kindred and of countrymen. Behold, Raymond, how I am puniſhed! But where, where all this time is Emma? No date! No addreſs! A young creature unfriended, alone, of a delicate frame, and harraſſed by fatigue! *Sick* alſo! Never uſed to travel unattended; —Oh heaven! But ſhe will return. The thought makes me eaſier. Let me indulge it. How tender will I be to her—with what fondneſs will I hang upon her neck, and hide her bluſhes in my boſom—how will I talk—how ſoothe —how conſole her—oh I will kiſs her into confidence and compoſure. I will even converſe—(pardon me, Sir Robert, pardon the effuſions of a repenting heart) —I will even converſe upon her darling

theme. The name of Henry ſhall be mentioned, and if it does her good, not without tenderneſs. Alas! what has the youth done, but—— Yes, yes, Emma will return: She muſt: She ſhall. The ſlender and trembling thread of my being is ſuſtained by no other hope.

I have ſent advertiſements to the papers, inviting her home, deſcribing perſon, circumſtances, and ſituations, but concealing names. I have diſpatched various meſſengers to all the ports to have her tenderly intreated, almoſt cordially *controuled*, ſhould her romantic nature——for oh I ſuſpect ſhe meditates ——Was there ever any thing ſo wild— But ſhe will never be able to carry it into execution, and I will not even ſuppoſe it practicable. She will return. I ſhall recover the treaſure of my age.

But

But the interim is anguiſh—oh haſten, my friend, to ſoften it. I am ſick, and Emma is not at my ſide. I ſee her not at the harpſichord—I hear not her enchanting voice—I contemplate not her lovely features—all, all the exact images of her dear mother—her mother! who would ſhudder in her grave, were ſhe—

A ſervant enters to tell me there is nothing but her own little money-box miſſing. Her clothes are all above ſtairs. I dare not go to look at them. I dare not open the door of her chamber. It would certainly be my death.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER CVII.

To FREDERICK BERKLEY, *Eſq.*

I AM not ſorry you found it inconvenient to meet me. Objects of gloom, I know, are intolerable to you. Caſtleberry at preſent affords little elſe. I uſed, my friend, to fly from theſe as aſſiduouſly as yourſelf. Yet now they are become very dear.—I love the ſolitude which this ſcene affords me. It was lately adorned by the ſociety of Emma. Ah, elegant and hapleſs girl! She has not only eloped, but engaged me to juſtify the ſtep ſhe has taken to her father. Oh Frederick, her language is ſo ſweet, her power over me ſo reſiſtleſs, and her firm affection for this happy Hammond, this heroic rival, ſo reſpectable, that my whole ſoul yields implicit

implicit obedience to the very deſires which involve me in deſpair! What, of things poſſible, would I not do to ſecure to her but one moment's happineſs? Alas! my friend, ſincerely as I know you love me, I dare not tell you all that I intend to do. Yet conſider a young creature about to venture on the wild and uncertain ocean, moved by a ſacred impulſe in favour of a worthy lover, who himſelf left a blooming miſtreſs, whoſe ſociety he conſents to ſacrifice to his country. Conſider alſo this lover, as one who is the choice of Emma, and is every way ſuitable to her in perſon as in age.

When you have maturely weighed theſe circumſtances, then tell me what at *my* age, and under *my* circumſtances, I ought to do. My friend, no man knows what virtue or what energy there

is in him till after the hour of ſerious exertion.

There is a project, Berkley, rolling in my mind, and if on a little more reflection I can reconcile it wholly to the dictate that uniformly ſways me, I ſhall undertake ſomething that will excite your *ridicule*. But for any thing of that kind I ſhall be prepared. I have only two great powers to conſult, my reaſon and my conſcience. What they inſpire can never be laughed away. Laugh then, but do not forget that your mirth is at the expence of a friend who is ſeriouſly unhappy.

Adieu!

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CVIII.

To LOUISA CORBETT.

PORTSMOUTH.

I AM writing in a common public-houſe at this town, from whence in about half an hour I ſhall ſet off for America. I am reſolved to perform this voyage at all hazards. Do not, dear Louiſa, accuſe me of wanting confidence, becauſe I did not acquaint you with my deſign. I could never ſupport the idea of involving a friend in the perils of a truſt which may produce altercation in the iſſue. When the ſoul is ſettled in its plan, it is uſeleſs to aſk advice; and to enjoin ſecrecy in any family matter, is generally to embroil the perſon intruſted with ſome part of it or another.

The

The haſte and agitation in which I write is not to be expreſſed. The houſe is crouded with ſailors and their parting friends. I am equipped with a proper diſguiſe. No matter what embarraſſments I have had to procure or to put it on. The wind does not allow me leiſure for deſcriptions. I am going as a cabin paſſenger in a veſſel called the *Henry*. The very ſound of the name affects me with a ſweet ſuperſtition.

A boat is coming from the ſhip to take me on board, and the captain is already here, pouring brandy down his throat as if it were ſo much water. I *ſport* thus with circumſtances to take all your grief away upon my account, O my beloved ſiſter! for you ſee I am equal to the taſk.

The

The boatmen appear. They tell me the gales are favourable. The firſt view of the ocean is awful. But it leads to Henry.

Adieu. The mariners are impatient. They call me *fair-weather* ſailor, which is a joke levelled purely at my complection; but they have no ſuſpicion of Emma. Oh, farewell. They hurry me. I muſt fold up the letter—I muſt bid you *indeed* adieu.

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER CIX.

To FREDERICK BERKLEY, *Eſq.*

FREDERICK, I am now reſolved. Away ſelfiſh weakneſſes—away all that is unbecoming the period of my life! Come onward, ye powers of more ſuitable attachment! Come, divineſt image of graceful and honourable FRIENDSHIP! —come and poſſeſs me wholly!

Berkley, I have made up my mind, and it is eaſier. My ſpirit ſettles. I recover from the giddineſs of paſſion, and riſe to more diſintereſted joys, in which the appetites have no ſhare.

Adieu, my friend. I am preparing again for ſea. You gueſs my deſtination. I follow the fortunes of the incomparable

comparable Emma in her tender pilgrimage o'er the waves. There, by this time, floats the fair and faithful fugitive. My ſervant is packing up.—Oh, let me go catch the diſconſolate Corbett by the hand, and linger not another moment.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CX.

To Sir ROBERT RAYMOND.

YOU were ſcarce gone twenty minutes, my moſt generous Raymond, ere a letter came to hand by private conveyance——a letter, my friend, whoſe contents——oh, Sir Robert, I ſink under the double conflict of delight and deſpair.

Inexpli-

Inexplicable Providence! I have yet a ſon. Edward ſtill lives. At this tumultuous moment I am dropping the father's tear upon the bleſſed paper that preſents the news. Oh for ſome few months of firmer health! This unmitigable diſorder, which chains me to the chamber and the chair!

Go then, my friend—go, moſt admirable! moſt excellent! fly to my children! Ah, that a parent's heart-heaved ſighs could ſpeed your veſſel on its way! God give it ſwiftneſs! Haply you may yet ſee, and yet ſave, my children.

Oh, if you ſhould ——

——forgetting all agony, I have dropped involuntarily upon my knee to enforce the prayer——

Oh,

Oh, if you ſhould, I conjure you to exert yourſelf! Tell Emma I relent, I yield to her pleading ſoftneſs—I am no more the mad patriot—I am henceforth all the parent! Tell Edward that I adore his virtue, but tremble for his life! Tell him, enough of civil blood will be ſhed without ſwelling the current by any ſtream from his veins. Bid him then yield up the——Ah heaven! what am I about to ſay—he *cannot* remain neuter. All things forbid it—his honour—his principles—his life—his ſoul——his country!

---What, Raymond, ſhall I do, and whither ſhall I turn? What are my late misfortunes to compare with theſe? My ſon and my daughter both---*both* taken from me! Yet go, my friend. This follows you by expreſs. If I never ſee you more, farewell for ever.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER CXI.

EDWARD CORBETT *to his* FATHER.

AFTER having been thirteen months agonized amongſt the wounded, and more than once conſidered as the prize of death, I am at length able to write a few lines to acquaint you that I exiſt; by which information, I flatter myſelf I ſhall make a father, a ſiſter, and a friend, moſt happy. The arm and ſhoulder which were wounded, are at length cured without amputation, but the half of the left cheek is gone. Theſe tidings I had cauſed to be conveyed to England long ſince, by letters ſent at different opportunities, by various means of conveyance, but, as I have not received your replies, I fear either thoſe miſcarried, or mine have

have never reached you. Indeed, war puts a dreadful ſtop to this branch of communication, although the only one which can relieve the pains of ſo perilous an abſence.

WASHINGTON offers me the means of future retreat and inactivity, in conſideration, I ſuppoſe, of my ſcars. But I am now too far engaged to accept this with any honour. I wiſh it may be no more neceſſary to fire; and they *talk* indeed of peace, but there is no real proſpect of ſuch a bleſſing being at hand. I fought at firſt in my own defence, and muſt, I fear, continue to do ſo ſtill. The Engliſh perſiſt to call thoſe cowards whom they prove to be men, and feel to be heroes. To-morrow I ſhall once more fix the bayonet, and ſhoulder the muſquet. *Every* man fights in this country; we arm not for

pay

pay but for property, not for the wages of war, but for liberty and life.

Wherefore does my old friend Henry ſtay idling at home,

"Now half the youth of Europe are in arms?"

Why does he not take one ſide or the other, as principle directs? He was wont to maintain with me warm diſputes in favour of Great-Britain, but by this time his opinion muſt be changed, and the cauſe of America muſt be dear to him, were it only in reſpect of her youth, her bravery, and her misfortunes. Tell him I ſhould be glad to receive him here—to receive him, in that caſe, as a brother; and on thoſe conditions, too, we will both return one day or another, and enjoy the fruits of a double-marriage; for, notwithſtanding your reſiſtance, my father, I muſt ſtill remind

remind you that I have a heart only for Louiſa. God ſend all together, happy, of one mind, and in one houſe: I care not in what kingdom or in what country.

EDWARD CORBETT.

LETTER CXII.

To C. CORBETT, *Eſq.*

I WAS mounting my horſe as your letter and its incloſure (which I return to a father's throbbing boſom) arrived. I took my foot from the ſtirrup, to read, to weep, and to rejoice.

Oh, Mr. Corbett, you ought never to deſpair. The Power who could raiſe your ſon almoſt from amongſt the dead, and who was indeed dead long ſince in the

the imagination of his family, may yet preſerve to you a daughter.

How all the links of this dear connecting chain cling together! It is ſurely the hand of Providence which rivets each. I here devote myſelf an humble inſtrument, and haſten to prove the ſentiments I profeſs. Be comforted. My ever dear Corbett, be comforted; and farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXIII.

To LOUISA HAMMOND.

I AM an old man, in a ſad, ſick chamber, without any human being to ſmoothe the thorny pillow. O Louiſa, Louiſa, I am bereft of all! Leave for a little while your houſe, and haſten to mine. I now fondly approximate every perſon who has been dear to any part of my family, and who have had more claim to our tenderneſs than the ſiſter of Henry? Yet let me not forget in my ſorrow to tell you of one joy that ſparkles in the cup of bitterneſs which is allotted me to drink. My ſon Edward lives, and he mentions Louiſa Hammond not coldly! Come and let us talk of him together. All ambitious views are worn from

from my heart. Renew your gentle hopes, and fear not to avow them.

Ah that Henry and Edward were both ſafe from the calamities of war, and both within the reach of theſe paternal arms! Oh, you know not the pain in which I write.

Come then, if the father of Edward ---the yet exiſting Edward---be eſtimable.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER CXIV.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

PROVIDENCE and GOD! What have I read? Is it not vision? Is it not delirium? Is it not the vapour of the soul for ever painting its idol image! Edward alive! Oh the poor Emma! the generous Henry! the godlike Edward! You have transported me. I know not what I write. Ease me, satisfy me. I cannot bear it. I am in heaven! I am distracted.

LOUISA HAMMOND.

LETTER CXV.

To LOUISA HAMMOND.

WHAT would I not give to recall the heedleſs thing I have committed to the poſt! A ſervant has been to the office to recall it, but it is gone. In the hurry of my heart, I have abruptly told what ſhould have been opened by the gentleſt gradations. But if you are greatly afflicted, it will, I truſt, be of a joyful nature, and produce no miſchief.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER CXVI.

To LOUISA CORBETT.

I AM commiſſioned by a friend, on whoſe veracity I can depend, to impart a piece of news to my Louiſa, which is delightful as unexpected. It is foreign news, and America has ſome ſort of connection with it; but I cannot be more explicit till I know what preſent health you are in poſſeſſion of, ſince the leaſt alarms are not to be hazarded in a ſtate like yours. Tell me that you are very ſtout, and you ſhall hear more. I am ſorry my buſineſs detains me ſo long from you. It is nearly finiſhed, and then I ſhall be wholly at your ſervice. For Emma, what can I ſay, but that ſhe is a glorious girl?

CAROLINE ARNOLD.

LETTER CXVII.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

IT is every way confirmed. The pleasure is too mighty—my very brain turns with transport! Yes, I will fly to your chamber—I will fly to my *father*. Oh prepare, prepare to receive another daughter, for I am—I am—how shall I speak it—I am no more the widow, but the WIFE of Edward—and we have a *son*. I will bring him under my arm. I cannot explain—I am too happy. *Should* I not be happy? My husband lives, and his father at length acknowledges

LOUISA CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER CXVIII.

To LOUISA CORBETT.

OH, my child, my child! my arms are open. Let them embrace and own you without delay.

The coach ſhall be at your door early in the morning, and convey you to—— a parent in

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER CXIX.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

I WRITE, ſitting on the ſide of Louiſa's bed. She cannot have the pleaſure to attend you at preſent, being ſuddenly taken ill.

Do not therefore think of ſending your coach till you hear farther from

CAROLINE ARNOLD.

LETTER CXX.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

I TROUBLE not my dear father with relating the dangers of the ſea, the tempeſts which have deformed its boſom, nor the various inconveniences I have experienced ſince I loſt ſight of every object I had been accuſtomed to behold. My ſoul has been too intently occupied with what I have left, and with what I am in ſearch of, to afford any ſenſations of common fear or common curioſity.

I caſt the eye of ſteady attachment over this undulating world, and imagine myſelf guarded from all the ordinary dangers of the ocean, by the protecting Power who proportions my ſpirits to the toils they undergo.

I eſcape ſuſpicion from the crew. I write without knowing the time I may be able to ſend. The unſteady motion of the veſſel diſtorts the characters of my pen; ſo do not attribute to diſtreſs of heart what is the effect of mere ſituation.

Adieu! oh, adieu. Of every letter I will ſend duplicates, that no chance may be loſt to eaſe your ſuſpence.

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER CXXI.

To C. CORBETT, *Eſq.*

ACCIDENT favours me. I trace the footſteps of Emma. I am now in the houſe from which ſhe lately departed. On my arrival here I overheard ſome ſailors upon the quay reading aloud one of your advertiſements, after which two of them ſwore it muſt mean the fair-looking boy who lodged a few nights ago at the Ship, and ſailed in the Henry letter of marque. I caught at this, and am ſo far rewarded in my enquiry.

Farewell. The opportunity of following your child preſents itſelf.

Adieu!

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CXXII.

To the SAME.

OH, Mr. Corbett, the abrupt joy produced by your late intelligence, has counteracted the tender deſigns of Edward, and thrown his poor Louiſa into a condition which makes me tremble. The ſettled calm of her mind has long been overthrown, and I, who have been her almoſt conſtant companion, can aſſure you, that when ſhe has thought herſelf the moſt tranquil, ſhe has been neareſt that ſtate which of all others, in this ſorrow-teeming world, is the moſt affecting. Indeed, Sir, you ſhould have been leſs precipitate—yet you meant kindly. You acknowledge her for a daughter. It is impoſſible to tell you in what a ſtile of enthuſiaſtic gratitude

tude ſhe ſpeaks of this. All will be well, and yet——ſoft! ſhe wakes! Oh what a look! how wild! how fearful! I muſt leave off writing.

CAROLINE ARNOLD.

LETTER CXXIII.

To Mrs. ARNOLD.

A CURSE attends all I do, and all I ſay. Oh that I could find the wretch who ſtill cheriſhes the deathful ſpirit of this exterminating war! I would ruſh upon him, and ſeize him as the betrayer of *both* the bleeding countries which he has ſacrificed to the luſt of dominion, and the avarice of power. Alas, the misfortunes which he has brought upon

the ſtate are contemptible in the compariſon with that anguiſh, that horror, that deſolation, which rends away the ſoftening ties of private life!—which tear the heart-ſtrings of family and friend.

Man of blood, come forward!—if thou art bold enough, ſtand forth!—meet the ſwoln eye of a father, whoſe houſe thou haſt deſpoiled of all his little treaſure!

Oh Mrs. Arnold, this rage is vain. My ſoul is compounded of ten thouſand violences, each retrograde, each inconſiſtent! I am execrating *myſelf*, for have I not myſelf puſhed on the terrors I deplore? I have. Fool! Dotard! Villain!

Hah!

Hah! Letters are brought. The knock of the poſt goes through my heart. Away, vile flannels! The well-known characters carry off all bodily ſenſation as I behold them. I have them before me——

——Oh horror, horror! Oh my child, my Emma!---Read, pity me---ah no, read and *deteſt* me.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER CXXIV.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.**

AMERICA.

BOUND by promiſe, by obligation, and by the laws of nature, to ſend you faithful accounts of myſelf, I dare no longer conceal the incidents which have happened to the verieſt wretch that ever——

My dear, dear parent, turn all your into compaſſion, if all that remains of Emma be yet dear or yet alive in your remembrance.

Our veſſel has been attacked, has fought, and is taken, Oh the mountains of men, murdered by men, that lately

* The Incloſure from Emma.

lately lay ſtrewed about me! My blood runs cold! ſome of it indeed is *ſhed*, for I am *wounded*; but it is ſlightly, and in no important part. Ah that it were a death's wound, rather than——

——I am watched. Pens and paper are objects of ſuſpicion.

Ah, what have they to fear? Emma is no intriguing captive---ſhe is a priſoner, and a mourner who bows to her fate. She reſiſts not.

I muſt hide this poor remnant of narrative in my boſom.

Freſh priſoners are brought.

They are entering! What crouds! What——

Oh

Oh, my God, is it poſſible?---do not my eyes------

Second Incloſure from Sir ROBERT RAYMOND.

CORBETT, the ſeal of Providence is ſurely upon my enterprize! Oh happy chance! I have at once ſaved and reſcued your daughter. It pleaſed God to carry me into the ſame place of confinement, where I found her mingled with the multitude of our unhappy countrymen. A violent ſhriek upon my entrance betrayed her to me. Her man's apparel became no longer a veil to hide her from eyes ſo familiar with her voice and her features. She fainted in my arms.

The

The priſoners were too much involved in the ſullen gloom of their own melancholy to regard the diſtreſs of another. The paper which I incloſe, ſpotted as you ſee, with drops of blood from her own lovely arm, fell from her boſom. By the time ſhe recovered, one of the officers who had guarded us approached.——She looked at him a moment, (it being the firſt time ſhe had ſeen him ſince he came in) and then ſunk without any appearance of life upon the floor. She lay as a corpſe.

Oh merciful heaven! Oh God, great and gracious God! cried the officer, it is--it is---it muſt be Emma---it muſt be my SISTER!

Preſently, Emma and Edward Corbett (for it was your ſon, my friend) were both embracing upon their knees.

It

It was no time to explain. She was moved out of the priſon. I was permitted to attend. Edward Corbett in his own arms conveyed her to an apartment. He obtained leave of abſence from the farther duties of the day. He was the nurſe of your poor Emma. Oh, Mr. Corbett, *I* was not idle.

Waſhington happened to be quartered at the ſame town, preparing the manœuvres of a new attack. He is eaſy of acceſs, and being at liberty on a parole of honour, I gained an interview.

Ah, can you not gueſs its motive? What *could* it be but the *freedom* of the captive Emma? The General heard the ſtory of her love as I related it. I concealed no part from him but that which had reference to my own former folly.

folly. I brought the narrative down to the moment of reciting it. The ſoldier's cheek was not without the graceful dignity of a tear. He wept.

Sacred, ſaid he, be the rights of hoſpitality: I am not at war with the *Affections*. Ever privileged be *their* emotions. I feel them all. The beauteous priſoner is at liberty, Sir Robert, to go where ſhe pleaſes. I ſhall appoint perſons to attend her, who may prevent all interruption and inſult; but *you*, methinks, Sir Robert, ſhould continue to follow her fortunes as a *friend*--you are *both* free.

I flew to Edward Corbett with the tidings. Emma had by this time acquainted him with her ſituation.

At

At what a moment did I enter the room! Your ſon was pronouncing, or rather *attempting* to pronounce, the names of wife and parent, of Louiſa and his little Edward. And have I then theſe bleſſings, (cried he) and is my father *yet* in ignorance what claims, what doubly tender claims, Louiſa Corbett hath upon him? He then preſſed his ſiſter in his arms, and they wept together.

Surprizes came too faſt upon the hapleſs youth. He knew not that Henry was under arms. He did not know that he was an enemy. Yet he dropped for awhile the fierceneſs of the ſoldier, and acted as a man----as the child of nature---as the huſband of Louiſa, and the brother of Emma. Then go, my ſiſter, ſaid he, your career is too glorious to be checked. In contemplating your

your conduct, I riſe above all the prejudices of party. Alas, my ſiſter, I know too well the ſorrows of love and ſeparation not to reſpect them. You find me here the foe of Henry, but it is not now the day of battle, and were he at this moment here, ſhould I not expand theſe arms to receive the lover of Emma? Go then. But we are on the eve of a deſperate undertaking. Our army moves to-morrow. I tremble for thee! Perhaps we may never meet more—perhaps—ah retire, retire, my beſt-loved ſiſter, ere the idea of loſing you for ever ſhould tempt me to break my promiſe, and——

——This fraternal kiſs, this affectionate embrace, and farewell. Give me not leiſure to reflect, let me not have an opportunity to conſider the conſequences of thus—— Ah take her from

from me, Sir Robert, ſhe is gaining on my affections, and I ſhall not be able—

Here he ſtopped, Mr. Corbett; Emma beheld the gathering ſtorm of tenderneſs coming on, and exerting a reſolution more than human, as fearing ſhe ſhould be prevented from purſuing the great object of her adventure, which was even dearer than a brother, ſhe caught me by the arm, and ſhortened a ſcene too poignant to be continued.

No ſooner were we alone——I am interrupted. Farewell.

IN CONTINUATION.

No ſooner had we got beyond the reach of thoſe ſighs which were breaking from the heart of Edward, than his lovely ſiſter fell upon her knees, preſſed my

my hand to her boſom, and ſpake thus: —O generous deliverer, I devote to thee the firſt moment which the confuſion of crouding incidents allow, to pour forth the tribute of my gratitude. I aſk not the means by which heaven directed you to me, but I feel the motive of your voyage ſo pathetically, ſo perfectly, ſo——ah, Sir Robert, wherefore do you heap on me this agonizing goodneſs? Wherefore did you purſue the footſteps of one whoſe pre-occupied heart and plighted hand make it impoſſible to reward your kindneſs or your generoſity? Not even a beloved brother, whom I thought breathed no more, not even Edward, long loſt and newly found, could prevail with me to forego the purpoſe of my pilgrimage. No, by this affecting effuſion of tears which are now bathing your hand, I ſwear------ But it is unneceſſary. Behold a woman firmly

firmly reſolved, Sir Robert; oh, why are you then——Indeed it is vain, *indeed* it is.

Go then, I conjure you; return to my dear, my drooping father—aſſure him that his Emma is in no danger—tell him that his darling ſon is found: Alas! how I forget myſelf, of this you ſay he is already informed, but at all events return; it is to no end that you follow me: how can you expect——

I expect it *not*, Miſs Corbett, ſaid I, attempting to raiſe her up.

Here will I remain, cried ſhe, till you pledge to me your honour that you will here cloſe the debts which it will never be in my power to diſcharge. It is no place or time for argument, Sir Robert. You are even now preventing me

me from the great buſineſs of my life. I beſeech you to leave me. I am not ignorant of your paſſion, but I thought your prudence in never revealing it to me by your own mouth——In ſhort, Sir, I muſt inſiſt on——

I ſaw her miſtake, my dear Corbett, and briefly explained it. How ſhall I deſcribe to you the emanation, the burſt of tender gratitude, when ſhe found—but indeed I do not deſerve half ſhe ſaid, or half ſhe thought.

Alas! it is paſſion ſtill that drives me on—not, indeed, the paſſion which partakes of one groſs image, or of one vehement appetite. Pitied be the wretch who perſecutes an engaged heart. Yet I love to ſee, to ſerve, to oblige her.——I love to——

Again interrupted! No wonder. I am writing amidſt ſcenes of conſtant diſturbance. The ſeats and theatres of war are before me. The guards of a generous enemy, in compaſſion to private woe, are in front and in rear. It is all deathful preparation. There is no proſpect of peace. On every brow is defiance. In every eye flaſhes the bloody determination. We hear the ſhrieks of widows, and daughters, and fatherleſs children, as we move forward. Families are buſied in burying their dead, reſcued from the corruption of promiſcuous carnage. Hearſes and funerals paſs thick along. The bell of death tolls out in every ſtreet; but Emma is ſtill fixed in her deſign. Her eyes melt, her countenance is pale, but her heart pants with love, and her ſoul is undaunted. Adieu.

IN CONTINUATION.

Oh ſacred force of ſovereign tenderneſs! Emma has tidings of her Henry. Our enquiries have at length terminated in ſucceſs. He is now with his regiment off John's-Town. Thither we are bending our courſe with the utmoſt expedition. I ſend you not the minutiæ of intervening adventures. They yield to enterprizes of greater moment. We are within one day's journey of the place.

By heavens, Corbett, the roſes are ſuddenly thrown over the cheek of your child, and the pale of fatigue and ſickneſs, and loſs of blood, (which has not been inconſiderable) all give way to the joyful expectation of ſeeing her Henry.

Surely it requires only a generous effort to turn our diſappointments to

amiable account. To conquer affection is not, I feel, always poſſible; but to direct it from one worthy path into another, when the former is unfit or unjuſt, is aſſuredly in our power. Henry himſelf cannot adore Emma more ſincerely than myſelf. My whole heart is her's; oft it trembles, oft it bleeds, but the choice either to be the object of eſteem or the object of averſion is before me. Oh! I would not forfeit the partial ſentiment which my conduct has lodged in the breaſt of Emma, for any earthly enjoyment. She owns me for her friend, her *firſt* of friends. She talks to me without reſerve. She looks at me ſometimes till the heart's ſoft tear is in her eye. Ah, that tear! it is more worth than the poſſeſſion of all the reluctant beauty that ever gold, grandeur, or importunity, extorted into their arms. I feel it ſtream

over

over my ſenſes. Bleſſed ſympathy! Pure effuſion! Generous, glorious Emma!

I am penciling theſe informations of our route, ſometimes in the vehicle, and ſometimes in a room.

Emma has this moment deſired the driver to ſtop. The door of the chaiſe is open; ſhe jumps out, ſaying to me in a whiſper, that a lucky thought ſtrikes her.

I will follow her.

IN CONTINUATION.

God of all goodneſs! didſt thou ever create another Emma?

In paſſing along, ſhe took note of ſome buſhes which were covered thickly

with a dun-coloured berry that cluſtered in the hedge-rows. I aſſiſted her in gathering theſe without daring to aſk for information as to cauſes. She hath an air of intreaty which cuts ſhort all curioſity about motive, and leaves us no other ſolicitude than that of gratifying her by implicit obedience.

I knew not the deſign of Emma in picking the berries till the evening, and *then* ſhe explained to me their uſe.

Now for an *experiment*, dear Sir Robert, ſaid ſhe, taking up the bundle, and going into her chamber at a publick-houſe where we baited at twilight.

In about an hour ſhe re-entered—ſhe *re-entered*, Corbett; but oh, how different from that Emma who had ſo recently retired! You know the clear and

and lucid white that mixes with the eloquent bloom in her countenance—you know that rich tint of tenderneſs and ardour, of pathetic ſoftneſs and graceful paſſion, which form her complexion. Imagine my aſtoniſhment at beholding theſe diſcoloured in the darkeſt ſhade of that peculiar diſguiſe which the juice of the berries we had collected caſt over the ſkin. The ſtain was deep, ſtrong, and apparently fixed. It reſembled almoſt exactly the hue of ſome of the ſavages whom we had obſerved to be wounded in a town through which we paſſed.

It was certainly *inſpiration*, (ſaid Emma, rejoicing at the alteration as ſhe ſurveyed it in the glaſs.) Ah how preferable this precious dye, continued ſhe, to the faireſt complexion in the world. I ſhall aſſiſt Henry, I ſhall

touch his dear hand, and attend him in every danger, without diſtreſſing him by ſurprize, or diſarming him by ſoftneſs. Oh, my good Sir Robert, romantic as may ſeem the ſteps I have taken, be aſſured that I proceed with the utmoſt caution. I do not even *now* deſign to interfere with the horrid virtues of Henry's profeſſion. I will not dare to place myſelf betwixt him and his duty. I will ſhare his dangers, but cannot conſent any longer to bear about a wretched being without at leaſt attempting to render it ſerviceable to my friend. Your generoſity well fits you to receive theſe apologies, if indeed any apologies ſhould be neceſſary for the conduct of Emma on this trying occaſion.

I could not reply, Mr. Corbett. Even her avowals of the affection that ſhe

ſhe bears to Henry become new ſources of my tenderneſs and admiration. But we are ſetting off again.

The next ſtage brings us to * * * *

Adieu!

IN CONTINUATION.

Oh Corbett, Corbett, who ſhall anticipate a moment's joy, a moment's ſatisfaction! By what an accident was my laſt ſentence interrupted!——Your ſon—your poor ſon—your Edward, your dear, your darling Edward, is now *indeed*——

Bear up, my hapleſs friend, againſt the ſtorm. To learn to ſuffer is the ſcience of humanity. Each has his throes of heart. War, which levels millions with the duſt, has at length—

But oh the generous youth, in what a cauſe he fell!—— Unable to ſupport our departure, he obtained his furlow and followed us. The humane General permitted him to ſeek his ſiſter, and either guide her to the arms of Henry, or perſuade her to return. He promiſed to return in three days. Alas! he will return no more. A party of the Engliſh were burning a village after a ſudden attack. Edward drew his unavailing ſword to defend himſelf and the inhabitants who were flying different ways in terror and deſpair. And there, my friend, it was your ſon received his wound——his wound of death!

The conquerors drove off the cattle, loaded themſelves with the ſpoils of conqueſt, then ſuffered the peaſants to eſcape,

eſcape, and returned to the troops from whence they had been detached.

Edward bled faſt; but having traced our route, he gave directions to the two ſoldiers who accompanied him, and preſſed onward. He was reſolved once more, he ſaid, to behold his ſiſter. The men, who were indeed of thoſe under his command, obeyed his orders; ſupported him on each ſide as he ſat in the chaiſe, till, poor young man!——

—You know the reſt. He ſunk upon one of their ſhoulders, and with his dying breath inſiſted on their taking his corpſe to Emma, of whom he had received tidings by the guide who had laſt left us, and whom he met on his return.

The poor fellows came on diſconſolate with their dead maſter. They reached

reached the town where we ſtopped, and were paſſing the window of our inn, when we heard a cry of—" the armies are engaged, the armies are engaged !"

The poſtilion got from his horſe; the two ſoldiers (who had taken the precaution to alter their dreſs as Americans) leaped from the carriage, and joined the multitude that thronged the ſtreets.

The body of Edward was deſerted. Emma, (who had then juſt finiſhed her remarks on her diſguiſe) ſeeing a man lie motionleſs, approached the chaiſe door, and there ſhe beheld——

Oh, Mr. Corbett, what accumulated miſeries is it fated for this virtuous woman to undergo !

'Tis

'Tis I then that have *cauſed* thy death, thou beloved youth, ſaid ſhe? No language can deſcribe her agonies, but they were attended to by none but myſelf: for the whole town was in conſternation at the news of the engagement. Every houſe was emptied: The two armies had marched all night, and diſtributed their forces. We heard of the largeſt parties being engaged off John's-Town, and in that place was quartered the regiment of Henry. What was to be done? Edward lay dead before us. Emma was folding his clay-cold body in her arms. She ſeemed to be loſt in a ſtupor of irremediable grief. She forgot for awhile her Henry. The alarm ſpread every moment more wide—horror exhibited itſelf in every poſſible form. To continue in ſuch a ſituation was madneſs: to leave the breathleſs remains of Edward—oh ſhocking thought!

—Oh

—Oh Mr. Corbett, the exigencies of war, and the terrors of a town under ſuch a panic, are not to be deſcribed. Old men were moving their decrepid limbs from door to door in deſpair of eſcape, and mothers with their children went wailing by us.

With pious haſte, theſe hands, aſſiſted by my heart, (which is devoted to every connection of Emma) prepared an haſty grave for the reliques of your ſon.—Emma, touched at the ceremony, burſt into a flood of tears, and exerting herſelf beyond what is reported of her ſex, joined in the laſt ſad offices of love.

We are juſt come from the ſacred ſpot where Edward is depoſited!---- Emma recovers—ſhe has been ſeveral times upon her knees during my marking theſe circumſtances of our diſtreſs.

Let

Let us go on, Sir Robert, ſhe ſays, or rather, oh generous man, remain you here, and let me proceed; my duty to Henry yet remains.——

It was in vain to expoſtulate. She ſaw the danger, but felt no emotions of diſmay. All feminine and gentle as ſhe is, ſhe roſe above the ſpirit of humanity.

I inſiſted on the privilege of attending. She preſſed my hand within her's, and we ſet out for the ſcene of action.

It was altogether an impulſe of moſt ſolemn enthuſiaſm. Emma was reſolved,---and I am the friend of Emma.

Yet the tearful looks which ſhe caſt towards Edward's grave pierced me to the heart. One hallowed kiſs more imprinted

imprinted upon that earth, Sir Robert, and I will delay no longer. Pity a ſiſter!

I ſtood at ſome diſtance, and ſaw the lovely one depart. O what minutes were theſe! She came forward as if ſhe had made up her mind, and then, while the reſolution ſeemed nearly formed, nature relapſed again into a ſiſter's tenderneſs, and yet once more ſhe embraced the earth.

At laſt, ſummoning her utmoſt ſtrength, ſhe exclaimed, "the will of God be done;" and then, in weeping ſubmiſſion, joined me.

IN CONTINUATION.

Surely Emma Corbett is an angel, and not a mortal woman! I have had near

near thirty hours ſevere ſickneſs, a fever as violent as ſudden ſeized me. It could not have happened at a criſis more cruel, for we are in the very midſt of perſonal dangers; yet nothing could tempt Emma to leave me one moment. She has nurſed me as I were her child. She adminiſtered the cordials with her own hand. Never was parent half ſo tender; ſuch ſoftneſs of gratitude—ſuch over-powering attention. Oh, bleſs her, bleſs her. I am now able to paſs on, and to purſue the footſteps of my beloved aſſociate.

Adieu! Adieu!

IN CONTINUATION.

Oh heavens! I tremble to tell you how near we are to the field of battle!

We

We can hear guns firing in the neighbouring woods. The Engliſh are ſkirmiſhing with the rebels in twenty different parts of theſe environs.

IN CONTINUATION.

Yes, Corbett, Henry is amongſt them. He is ſpoken of by theſe poor trembling peaſants and their maſters, as the moſt gallant officer in the army of the Britiſh General. No perſon ventures now to go to bed. It is altogether a ſcene of bloodſhed, havock, and horror. The feeble Emma droops under her fatigue.

I write as moments permit, reſolved every way to ſhew my affection to your dear family as far as it be poſſible; tho' heaven only can tell whether this pacquet will ever——

——Oh

——Oh dreadful extremity! ſome wounded men are paſſing by us in a waggon. Emma ruſhes forward to enquire of the driver if Mr. *Hammond* yet lives——

"He has been fighting ſince day-break." Such the reply.

A young woman is at this moment following the corpſe of her huſband. It is indeed too much. Emma is bowed to the earth. Oh, if ſhe dies!——

IN CONTINUATION.

Better tidings! The rebels are routed. We have traverſed the environs, but in vain: the Engliſh are ſaid to be on their return to John's-Town. Emma breathes in expectation. 'Oh 'for ſtrength a little longer, and all 'will be well, Sir Robert,' ſays ſhe.

IN

IN CONTINUATION.

The dreadful news is arrived!—Oh Mr Corbett, the blow is ſtruck. The life of your poor Emma muſt ſoon cloſe, for Henry Hammond is—how ſhall I ſpeak it——Henry Hammond is dead.

IN CONTINUATION.

The men who have eſcaped the ſlaughter are returned and confirm the news. Emma---the agonized Emma---is at the point of———

———I cannot ſpeak: I cannot write. I ſhall not ſurvive her.

Adieu!

P. S. Perhaps this is the laſt account either of us may be able to tranſmit.—

An

An officer whom I have juſt met, is appointed to go off with diſpatches to England. The opportunity muſt not be loſt. Oh Corbett, if you never hear more, receive the laſt prayers of one whoſe life is valuable only as it can promote the happineſs of Emma: that being now for ever obſtructed, for ever cloſed, what is there in this world that can render tolerable the exiſtence of ſuch a wtetch as

ROBERT RAYMOND.

N. B. I have ventured to whiſper it very ſoftly to Emma, that I am about to *ſeal* the pacquet which my trembling hand has written as it could ſnatch the flying minute.——"*To my father!*" ſaid ſhe. "Oh God, oh God! Tell---tell "him"——

Here

Here ſhe folded her arms, looked up to heaven, tried to articulate more, and ſunk upon the bed.

Unfortunate Corbett! This fatal war has reduced all the honours and bleſſings of your houſe to the duſt! Alas! how many thouſand fathers *beſide* has it not wounded beyond the reach of this world's remedies?

I have ſtolen from the chamber of Emma to *ſcribble* the incloſure in the preſence of proper witneſſes, by whom it is atteſted. As we are dying in virtue, do *thou*, oh venerable man, ſtill try to live in peace, and await the ſtroke which ſhall be commiſſioned from above, in God's good time, to ſummon you to us.

One

One more look at Emma, that I may ſend you the lateſt intelligence.

She breathes——

The ſilver chord is not quite broken: yet the cold, *cold* dews deſcend ſo faſt—

No—I have, after a pauſe of another hour, viſited her again.

In her pulſe there is yet promiſe. In her eye there is yet hope. Poor Corbett, let it comfort you—let it reconcile you to life.

A third time I have looked in upon her. The officer who is going to the head-quarters with the news of the various fortunes that have attended the detached parties in this part of the country, has, in great humanity, waited. I told him,

him, my father's happineſs or deſpair was concerned in his obliging me. His laſt minute is come. At that minute your cherub child appears to me—for I dare not deceive you—from another hand it will come with a more cruſhing weight——

—Now, now—even *now*, my friend, you are, I fear, within a few ſeconds of being childleſs.

If her fever continues to rage another hour, as it rages at this criſis, no earthly power can delay her paſſage to heaven! At this we ought not to grieve perhaps, but humanity, ſhaken to her center, cannot——

Oh, my God, I heard a ſhriek——-----

--------I dare

——I dare not ſtay another moment. Oh, farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CXXV.

To C. CORBETT, *Eſq.* *

THAT paragon of her ſex, your daughter! That man too, ſoaring above the flight of humanity, who attended her as the companion of all her perils, all her pangs! The writer of this letter (or more properly ſpeaking, the perſon by whom this letter is dictated) is at a loſs by what means, or in what language, to convey to you the wonders which yet he is moſt anxious to impart.

* From Henry Hammond.

By gentle degrees—oh, Mr. Corbett, let me open upon you the bleſſings which, by the contrivance of Providence, have been brought about. Summon your heart to hear the beſt, the deareſt news, which is in the nature of human things for you to hear. O let the agony of *that* information, which Sir Robert Raymond's letter has doubtleſs produced, be, in great meaſure, done away by the happier tidings that will ſalute you in this.

The *hand-writing* of the perſon now dictating would too much diſcompoſe you. He makes uſe, therefore, of an amanuenſis to prepare the way to circumſtances of uncommon joy; and to give them to you in the ſecurity of more progreſſive explanation.

The leading ſtep to every other felicity you muſt hear *firſt*. You, who have deeply

deeply drank of the bitter cup, muſt now try to ſupport, without intoxication, the taſte of ſweeter ingredients.

From the point of death, your Emma has recovered. The interpoſing hand of Heaven was *ſuddenly* extended.

Ten days after the departure of Sir Robert's packet, ſhe was in a ſituation to leave her bed. To what *purpoſe* did ſhe leave it? Reſolution, oh how ſacred is thy force, when animated by the breath of love!

If Henry be dead, ſaid ſhe, it is ſtill the duty of Emma to pay him the mournful offices which ſhe has paid to Edward.

She inſiſted on ſearching for the corpſe of the man who had cauſed all her misfortunes.

The generous Sir Robert Raymond was at that time himſelf confined by ſickneſs which threatened his life:— When he was out of danger, Emma gave him in tendereſt charge, and ſet out, alone, towards thoſe woods where ſome late ſkirmiſhes had paſſed. On her way ſhe had the precaution to uſe again thoſe berries which tinge the ſkin: to theſe ſhe added a certain bark that had been mentioned to her in the courſe of her various enquiries.

Behold, oh Mr. Corbett, behold the dear and delicate Emma, wandering, unprotected, in the woods of America. ---Behold her bearing over her tender ſhoulder the mere neceſſaries of decent covering. Behold the moſt gentle, and moſt female form expoſed to all the dangers of a wild and unknown country---picking her food from the hedges ---ſtraying

---ſtraying ſhe knew not whither---in diſguiſe---in diſorder---in deſpair!

Incredible were the toils of her reſearch---incredible her fatigue. The foreſts are here, you know, of great extent: the wilds immeaſurable.

After ſeveral days travelling, during which time ſhe had not encountered any paſſenger who could give her the leaſt intelligence, ſhe ſat herſelf down as uſual, about the noon, and wept over her misfortunes.

Scarce had ſhe reſted a moment, ere the clamour of human voices, ſhouting at a ſmall diſtance, caught her attention. She preſſed haſtily forward thro' the foliage, and obſerved at a little aperture in the foreſt, a party of ſoldiers engaging with a tribe of Indians; but

while ſhe was eagerly examining the perſons of the *former*, the *latter* were put to flight, and retreated with the utmoſt precipitation: the ſoldiers purſued, and both were out of ſight ere Emma had time to approach nearer to them. She ſaw enough, however, to convince her that the regimentals were Britiſh, and the uniform of the officers ſuch as belonged to the regiment of Henry; you will gueſs her deſpair when ſhe did not perceive Henry amongſt them. The bodies of ſeveral Engliſh ſoldiers were ſeen in different parts of the foreſt, but the corpſe of Hammond could, by no diligence, be found.

Still indefatigable, ſhe went on, tho' by this time reduced almoſt to the laſt exigencies of nature, and every thing ſubdued but tender reſolution, and the love which inſpired it.

At

At length, Providence relented to her wiſhes, and directed her ſteps to a broad common path-way, acroſs which was extended a human figure, lying as dead, with an arrow ſticking in his boſom. You already perceive, that it was no other than *Henry himſelf.* This, *you may* perceive, but no tongue can give you the fainteſt idea of that unparallelled heroiſm and fidelity, which now inſpired the ſoul of Emma! She found the body yet warm, the pulſe ſlowly moving, and the heart languidly beating with life. She extracted the arrow, and ſucked the wound—ſhe had heard of the Indians uſing ſhafts whoſe points were envenomed: and rightly concluding *this* to be one of them, applied to it her lovely lips without heſitation. This additional danger was an additional motive to the deed. Oh Mr. Corbett, what an angel is Emma!

Signs of exiſtence increaſed. With ſcarce a covering from the ſky, the affectionate Emma ſheltered her unfortunate charge for many days. Ere his ſenſes returned, ſhe thickened her diſguiſe by all the arts in her power. Oh can any thing leſs eloquent than the great Author of Nature deſcribe to you the tranſport of this wondrous creature, when ſhe firſt beheld the long-cloſed eye of Henry open on the light—and open on herſelf?

Think, Mr. Corbett, how difficult *concealment* muſt have been at this extatic moment; then conſider what preſence of mind was neceſſary to repreſs the dear and dangerous effuſion. The ſilver tones of the ſofteſt voice in the world were ſo artfully changed, as to correſpond with the reſt of her appearance. She fed him with what the fortune

tune of an hour's hunting amongſt the fruits of the foreſt afforded. He could not move. No ſoldiers returned. Men drop in a ſkirmiſh, and are ſought for no more! No houſe was near: no hut: and ſhe dared not to ſtray too far from the place where he lay, leſt ſhe ſhould loſe ſight of the ſpot. But now Henry felt the puncture of a want which even Emma could not accommodate. Fruits and vegetables, collected by chance, as they grew obvious, and within the beat of Emma's journeyings, were too unſubſtantial. It ſeemed as if famine would compleat what poiſon had begun. For lack of proper nutriment, after fatigues ſo imminent, he was reduced to an extreme languor, even worſe than that of Emma; whom tenderneſs ſeemed to have rendered ſuperior to every thing that could befall herſelf.

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In theſe moments it was that Henry yielded to deſpair—in theſe moments his heart melted with gratitude to his protector———

Oh, generous unknown, (ſaid he feebly) whoſoever thou art, receive the dying acknowledgements of the man whom thou haſt endeavoured to reſcue from an untimely death. Had thoſe kind endeavours ſucceeded, what thanks ſhouldeſt thou receive from one of the *beſt*—the *deareſt*———But it may not be—I am nearly exhauſted------perhaps, ere yet another hour moves by------ Leſt that *ſhould* be the caſe, let me, oh let me, while yet I have the power to call down heaven's choiceſt bleſſings on that lovely mourner, whoſe tears are haply ſtreaming at this moment for the expiring Henry.—Ah Sir, ah worthy youth, couldſt thou ſee her---could thou atteſt for

for me theſe dying ſentiments—couldſt thou aſſure her that with my lateſt breath ——But that is impoſſible; ſhe is a thouſand leagues from theſe fatal ſhores. No matter. Oh hear me, GOD! do *thou*, this *night*, this *inſtant*, ſuggeſt to her what was my laſt employment—my laſt aſpiration. Oh Emma! Emma! my life, my love!———

Here he fell on the boſom of Emma, and would *indeed* have died had he known it was Emma that ſupported him.

She preſſed his hand. She could not ſpeak. To the Omnipotent Father of Mercy ſhe caſt the imploring eye.

Let not the human heart give up its confidence in heaven. It is never too late to truſt!

A team now paſſed within ſight of this diſconſolate pair. They were laden with proviſions and apparel drawn in ſledges, and ſmall waggons, and were on their way to three detachments of ſoldiers, (who had applied to the General for theſe accommodations) that were ſtationed on the north ſide of the foreſt. Amongſt this groupe were alſo ſome cattle, of which ſome were cows. It is unneceſſary to ſay what uſe the unwearied Emma made of theſe: her winning addreſs, and the moving ſimplicity of her grief, joined to the wretched ſituation of an Engliſh officer who appeared to be almoſt at the point of death, gained ſo entirely upon the ſoldiers and people who attended the ſledges and waggons, that they adminiſtered whatever could promote the wiſh of Emma, and even furniſhed her with a ſledge, a mule

mule, and a guide, to carry Captain Hammond to John's-Town.

Thus providentially ſaved from death a *ſecond* time, I ſhall not trouble you with other difficulties in the paſſage, or in the progreſs of Henry's recovery, though the leaſt of theſe were enough to immortalize Emma Corbett; but I ſhall convey your imagination to John's-Town, where Henry and his protector at laſt arrived, and found Sir Robert Raymond recovered from his fever, and juſt about to ſet out again in purſuit of Emma.

To her aſſiduous cares were now ſuperadded thoſe of this excellent man, and Henry became in a ſhort time the nurſeling of both. He could walk, converſe, and his wound was healing. Emma's dear perilous experiment was guarded

guarded—the proſpect clear on every ſide. One afternoon, Sir Robert gradually prepared Henry for the ſofteſt ſurprize that could touch the heart of a lover; he diſcovered himſelf to be the friend of Mr. Corbett—he aſſured Henry that he ſaw Emma in good health a little before he left England—he aſſerted, in the ſtrongeſt terms, her conſtancy, her attachment, her love—and ſaid that ſuch was the force of her affection he ſhould not wonder ſome day or other to hear that ſhe was arrived in America.

——*Yes*, and in America ſhe *is* arrived, cried ſhe, (entering at this moment, agreeable to the plan concerted) She *is* arrived—ſhe is *here*—ſhe is now in the preſence of her beloved Henry—ſhe now offers him the hand of Emma for EVER!

Emma

Emma was yet in her boy's apparel, but had waſhed the ſtain from her lovely countenance, and diſcovered enough to throw Henry firſt upon his knee to the reſtoring God, and then into the arms of this tendereſt of women.

You will not expect I ſhould tell you what *either* felt at that moment! You will not expect I ſhould deſcribe the ſeries of delicious ſorrow and gratulations which followed, while all the enterprizes of Emma were relating to Henry. He found himſelf the moſt bleſt, moſt honoured, and moſt beloved of men! He found Emma all that language *cannot* expreſs. He found——

——In ſhort, it was a falſe rumour, you ſee, that reached Emma at John's-Town, reſpecting the death of Henry. He

He was reſerved for Emma to diſcover and to reſtore. He is diſcovered, he is reſtored.—Emma is now before him —Emma the moſt generous, moſt——

——Oh, Mr. Corbett! Henry is the happieſt of mankind. He now tells you that he is---*he* dictates theſe explanatory ſheets—they flow from his grateful heart---the tendereſt mercies of Providence have been upon him; they are to be ſeen—they may be felt: you will no longer refuſe to give him the hand of Emma! ah that he were worthy of her. Diſcloſe, he beſeeches you, theſe tender circumſtances to Louiſa, his ſiſter. Oh! he can hold no longer, he is too, too happy; he takes the pen from the amanuenſis, and——No! it is not neceſſary to ſign the letter. The writer is now known.

Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER CXXVI.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

THE bleſſings of Providence are at length manifeſt; ſince the pacquet from Henry muſt, ere this, be come to hand. It is not eaſy to tell you how totally I have in *them* annihilated *myſelf*, for many days paſt. Henry recovers apace. The attentions of Emma, indeed, ſo pointed and ſo pure, might almoſt raiſe him from the dead. Yet I almoſt envy her the ſhare ſhe has had in this diſcovery, and all its happy conſequences. I can ſcarce forgive my illneſs for ſeizing me at ſuch a time. It is Emma alone who has been the ſaviour of Henry. It is Henry only who can merit ſuch ſalvation. You can imagine to yourſelf nothing ſo tender as his gratitude, ſo warm

as

as his affections, or ſo perfect as his delicacy. From his ſomewhat military ſtile of addreſs I expected not this, and am equally ſurprized and delighted. Yes, my dear old companion, you have yet a daughter, and will, in a few days, boaſt alſo———

Oh, my friend, how infinitely I fall beneath the ſtandard of my ambition! How incorrect is human virtue! How frail is human fortitude! The proſpect of Henry's becoming your son does not charm this rebel heart half ſo ſincerely as it ought to do; and yet, heaven is witneſs, that I am doing every thing to advance his health and his happineſs.

Self-intereſted, perhaps, ſtill. I doat on promoting the felicity of Emma by any means. I am proud to pleaſe her. I conſider the youth of Henry, and wiſh

it

it the joys it is formed to taſte. I reflect on my own age, and think that I am too ſilly to be pardoned. I am entirely convinced of my folly, and yet hug it to my heart.

Ah Mr. Corbett, what is there in that ſubtle and active principle which we thus feed in our boſoms, and which turns, ſerpent-like, againſt the nouriſher? It ſtings, and we are not angry: it tortures, and we do not, *cannot* command it to depart from us. Something like the healing balm flows into the wound, and recompences us for all we ſuffer. The miſery which is the conſequence of a tenderneſs like mine, is compounded of ſuch ſweet ingredients, that it is not in the nature of the tender heart to wiſh it were removed. And yet, my friend, it is moſt intenſe. I have found the vanity of attempting to argue

argue myſelf into neutrality. It is virtue and beauty that have attracted—that have bound me! Ere a ſoul like mine can free itſelf from *ſuch* captivity, the enchanting powers of its object muſt change, its beauty become deformity, and its virtue vice. 'Tis out of the queſtion. The great point of moral propriety is in every man's power, and conſequently in mine. The human heart loves as it liſteth---it ſees its bias, and trembles towards it: but ſociety, religion, and the laws, are all to be reſpected, and he who preſumes to overleap theſe, renders himſelf contemptible.

Adieu!

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXXVII.

To the SAME.

EMMA, in all the graces of the female dreſs, appears more lovely from the late concealment of her charms. She has reſumed her former ſelf.---Oh, Corbett, what a woman!———Happy, happy Henry! what years of bliſs——

——My friend, I am not well.---I am not as I ought to be.---I cannot write!

Farewell, farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXXVIII.

To HENRY HAMMOND, *Esq.*

ABSENCE from home muſt have thrown your pecuniary affairs into diſorder: at any rate, the war muſt have rendered your remittances irregular. As a ſoldier and a ſingle man, you might diſpenſe with theſe inconveniences; as a connected man, about to take on him the ſweet charge of providing for a virtuous woman, you feel how much the caſe is altered. It is by mere chance I have found out that you are waiting a ſupply from England. On the preſent occaſion, that you ſhould *want* caſh is moſt natural: that you ſhould *wait* for it, is moſt cruel. Luckily, I have brought with me enough to accommodate us both. The incloſed may anſwer

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an immediate purpoſe. You ſay you are my friend; ſhew yourſelf ſuch by uſing what I offer till your return to England, when you will pleaſe to pay me the amount. I am not, you ſee, involving you in an obligation, but drawing you into a debt. The only *intereſt* I ſhall deſire is, that my name may not be mentioned to Emma in this buſineſs. Theſe circumſtances between us *men* are nothing;—they are things of courſe. Women, you know, look thro' a medium ſo peculiar, and are indeed, whether married or ſingle, ſo delicately circumſtanced, that a man of honour trembles to offer, what they tremble to accept. I know you want money, and ſo don't be fooliſh.

Adieu!

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXXIX.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

HENRY grows importunate. He urges me to assure Emma, by virtue of my medical knowledge, that his health is established. He affects unusual mirth and vivacity to prove this. He is become intimate with the chaplain of the regiment, who is engaged to perform the——

——By heavens, Corbett, I cannot bring myself either to forget these things, or to think of them without misery. Inconsistent! I shall do all right *ultimately*, but opposite sensations are at war within me. I walk in the proper path, but I am too susceptible of the thorns which wound me. Farewell. ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CXXX.

To the SAME.

TO-MORROW, oh Corbett, is to be the day! Henry preſſes me to attend. He knows not I have any reaſon for theſe *heart-felt* objections. Emma looks unutterable ſympathy. She ſeems labouring for an apology. She pities me. Her tears atteſt it. Henry beholds them deſcend, and kiſſes them away with a trembling lip. What! give her to another—be *acceſſary* to the laſt circumſtance of my deſpair! Oh moſt agonizing—moſt impoſſible!

Yet Henry intreats—he appeals to me in the name of parent, ſaviour——

------What ſhall I do? I wiſh them happy, happy even *together*—but to be *preſent* at the ceremony!—to aſſiſt the ſtroke that cuts off every hope for ever! Nature recoils at the taſk, and I am too much the ſubject of her authority to go through it.

Adieu!

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CXXXI.

To Sir ROBERT RAYMOND.

OH, my friend, receive the tribute of my ſympathy. Generous man! what can I do to ſoften the woes of which I am unhappily the cauſe? Invent, I beſeech you, ſome reaſon to abſent yourſelf

yourſelf on the morrow. Call to your aid ſome pious diſguiſe to ſave yourſelf and me ten thouſand wounds. Your preſence will wholly deſtroy the bliſs of the day—even of that day which gives to me the hand of Henry. Indeed it will. I ſee your emotions. I ſee your conflicts. They eſcape your ſoul's moſt amiable effort. They break through your boſom. I ſee them in your tears. I feel them in your ſighs. For my ſake —for your own—for heaven's—do not continue longer, *much* longer under our roof. I eſteem you ſo truly, that I cannot bear the conſtraint which will ſoon be impoſed. Your virtues have placed you in the ſecond place of my affections---the ſecond place is *friendſhip*, and that is your's while I can diſtinguiſh---while I can feel one worthy ſenſation. But oh conſider, that the firſt

place is *love*, and *that* is Henry's------Henry, my *almoſt* huſband.

He preſſes, he importunes, he inſiſts, in all the emphaſis of tender controulment, that to-morrow may be the day. He almoſt chides me for coldneſs of ſentiment towards him.

------Alas, my dear friend, it is your ſorrow, painted in your countenance, and in your late converſation when we have been together, which produces this grateful reluctance.

I owe you------ah what do I *not* owe you? I would do much---I would do every thing that is *poſſible* to ſerve you.

The billet you ſent me this morning cuts me deeply. You there hint your deſign to leave Philadelphia.------

I perceive

I perceive the motive; nay, you diſdain diſguiſe, and have in part avowed it. All but this, you ſay, you can ſupport. My dear, dear friend---author of many a comfort---ſoother of many a care---what would I give, had no accident of life produced in your gentle breaſt thoſe ſentiments for Emma.

Hitherto all has been well---all has been great and glorious. You ſtill aſſure me you can act the only part that remains. Of that I am not to be told. Yet your friendſhip is attended by ſo much ſuffering, ſo much piercing ſenſibility, that even at this bleſt moment my heart bleeds for you.

If you will---oh hard requeſt---if you will gently withdraw yourſelf for a time only, till you have gained compoſure,

I will defer---I will frame ſome freſh excuſes to Henry for my------

Pity me, Sir Robert, and ſave us both the pangs of an explanation. It will, perhaps, not be in my power to correſpond in this way any more. I know your friendſhip will inſiſt upon my fulfilling to the utmoſt every duty in life, and every engagement. Should this, therefore, be the laſt letter that paſſes between us, I conjure you to believe, that of every petition, of every fervent prayer that I offer to heaven, your health and your happineſs will form a part. I did not think it poſſible that any thing could fall out to make me wretched, with the immediate proſpect of being united to Henry; and yet ſuch is my genuine eſteem for you, Sir Robert, that I cannot be perfectly happy while I am conſcious of creating miſery

to

to one of the nobleſt of mankind. Henry enters, and I can ſay no more.

EMMA.

LETTER CXXXII.

To Sir ROBERT RAYMOND.

WHY leave us at this charming criſis, oh invaluable friend? Will you, who have brought my treaſure ſafe thro' ſo many perils, refuſe to ſee it locked for ever ſecurely in the faithful arms to whoſe embrace you preſerved it? Unkind! Your ſervant brings word too that you now lie ſick at your apartment: yet that you reſolve to depart on a tour the inſtant you can bear to be removed. This muſt not be. Emma has delayed the nuptials becauſe ſhe was too much

narraſſed in ſpirits. And now I will myſelf put them off a little, that they may not want the ornament of ſuch a friend as Sir Robert Raymond. Yes: I will defer even the poſſeſſion of Emma, till her moſt generous protector is able to ſanctify the union by his preſence. You keep your chamber, it ſeems. I will enter it without delay. You ſhall not deny me admittance. You ſhall not ſuffer me to depart till you are in a condition to do ſo too. Emma inſiſts upon this.

Adieu, ever dear, ever valuable Sir Robert, adieu!

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXIII.

To EMMA CORBETT.

OBLITERATE the contents of the billet, and every trace of the converſation! 'Twas feeble humanity. 'Twas the graceful relapſe of the heart, which ſtarted a little from its purpoſed point, but returns again, and re-fixes on its center. I feel that my very pride is touched. Oh, Emma, you muſt not ſo far outſtrip me in generoſity. Delay no longer your nuptials; and may the choiceſt benedictions of Almighty God be ſhed upon them! I am wholly myſelf again, and I am yours, in the ſpirit of holy friendſhip, while I have being.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CXXXIV.

To HENRY HAMMOND, *Esq.*

I WILL not ſuffer you to protract your joys any longer upon my account. I write to you from a village where I am, by advice, removed for air. Send me word that you are the happieſt of mankind; and when I can bring as much health in my face as either a bride or a bridegroom ought to look at, I will not fail to greet you in Philadelphia, where I am extremely glad to find all remains quiet.

Farewell. My tendereſt reſpects await Emma—*Hammond* I had almoſt ſaid. Farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXV.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

THE greateſt trial of mine, and perhaps of human life, is paſt; for I have juſt heard that your daughter is the wife of Henry, and yet I am able to hold the pen. Is there not a certain decent pride that ſuſtains us after the great and difficult duties are performed? Something like a preternatural conſciouſneſs plays about my heart, as I conſider this triumph over my own paſſions. It is a ſacrifice of *ſelf* to *ſociety*. It is——oh Mr. Corbett, I wiſh them very happy. This is their wedding-day; an expreſs has juſt reached the retirement I now enjoy—*enjoy* did I ſay! Alas, can you not trace the bleed-

ing heart——can you not trace the piercing thorn through------

Away! it ſhall not be! And yet to thee, my friend, I may ſafely truſt ought that remains of unſubdued infirmity. If haply you ſhould detect one tear's deep mark upon my letter, if, perchance------

It is abſurd. Henry Hammond is formed for Emma. I will muſe upon my obſtinate weakneſs, and become once more a reaſonable creature—I will indeed, my dear old friend! give me a little time.

It is near eleven o'clock at night as I write this period.

I did not attend the ceremony, which was this morning performed.

I do

I do not propoſe returning to Philadelphia for ſome days.

'Tis a dreary uncomfortable night. I am here too in a large apartment alone. Sighs burſt from my boſom, and tears fall from my eyes, without any apparent cauſe. The effect of a thick driſly atmoſphere perhaps——

——Of a driſly atmoſphere! Ah, no—to the paſſing feebleneſſes of nature we are all liable.

Haply, to-morrow's ſun may make me nearer what I *wiſh*, and what I *ought* to be. In that fond hope I will now ſeek repoſe.

Corbett, what can be the reaſon of it? At the cloſe of the laſt ſentence I went into my chamber in order to go

to

to bed, but I ſat myſelf down in a chair by the ſide of it, and have not attempted to undreſs, though the daylight is beginning to dawn upon me. A thouſand half-form'd images have been teazing me. I am about fourteen miles from that Philadelphia which now contains the lovelieſt couple I ever beheld. Corbett, I am extremely weak—and extremely aſhamed of myſelf——

Fie upon me, how can I talk thus! You, perhaps, are mourning the death of a ſon, and the abſence of a daughter, added to the grief of thoſe diſorders which tear your aged frame, and render you as wretched—as you are reſpectable. Unhappy parent, dear friend, adieu!—of *my* calamities you ſhall hear no more. I bluſh, and ſilence ſits on this ſelfiſh ſubject for ever.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXVI.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

I RECEIVED your congratulations; I received your bleſſing; and to crown the *whole* of human happineſs, I have received the hand of your daughter. Yet my tranſport has hurried me into an expreſſion too bold. Oh, I am a mortal ſtill, Mr. Corbett: ſtill am I vulnerable in a vital part. The fearful accounts you have tranſmitted of my poor ſiſter, and of your own declining health, alarm and wound me. Hapleſs Louiſa! dear relict of the generous Edward! Ah, that we had you both here, nurſed by our care, and protected under the ſhelter of our moſt affectionate embraces. Sir Robert Raymond too, our ſecond father, and our firſt of friends,

friends, would rejoice at this. Yet *he* keeps aloof from us. He uſed to be enamoured of our ſociety, and now the deepeſt ſolitudes have ſeduced him from us. In vain I invite, in vain I implore. He is melancholy: he is mournful. Is there a cauſe for this? Ah, that I could remove it!

I have now been ſix weeks in the poſſeſſion of Emma Corbett. She is my wife! God of heaven, how I thrill with gratitude! Yet oh, Supreme Beſtower of every good, if it were thy divine pleaſure to reſtore my ſiſter and my friends—if it be conſiſtent with that awful deſign into whoſe depths I preſume not to pry, to extend to *theſe* a portion of that felicity thou haſt given to Emma and to me, the meaſure of my bliſs will be full *indeed!* I am ſoothed by the prayer. It will be accepted.

cepted. It was offered in the ſoul's moſt empaſſioned ſincerity. Oh, my father, join it—join it fervently. It is now in heaven before the throne, the mercy-ſeat! Have faith: have hope. We ſhall all be happy.

What can I ſay ſoft enough to convey to you the remembrances of a daughter's duty? Wait a little for her own language, which is the only proper vehicle to convey the emotions of her heart.

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXVII.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

I HAVE brought my pulſes to be almoſt as obedient as I wiſh them. Reaſon is not ſo weak a power as we make her appear. Her province is perhaps miſunderſtood, my friend. It is not tyranny, but a mild and *genial* authority, which ſhe ſhould exerciſe. The ſubjects of her ſway are the paſſions; thoſe of the *tender* kind are with the moſt difficulty governed.

I have applied to this our intellectual ſovereign on a different principle. I implored her not to inſpire me with that *indifference* which is the uſual prayer of the diſappointed. The object of my love is married to the man of her heart. She

She obtained him at the price of almoſt unparelleled hazards. I ſaw every hope of poſſeſſion cut off. It was an intolerable agony. I bore it till I became almoſt deſperate. I indulged the paſſion even till the indiſſoluble bonds were tied againſt me. I ſaw the madneſs of my purſuit, and retired—retired, my dear Corbett, not to meditate revenge againſt a happy rival, but to manage my own wretchedneſs, and to *think*.

A ſerious appeal from the paſſions to the judgement is ſeldom made in vain. We miſcarry, chiefly becauſe we are *not* ſerious, but only *ſuppoſe* ourſelves ſo.

I ſelected a quiet hour, and laid the ſimple facts before me. They were not elaborate. The woman of my affection (thus I argued) is now happily married.

married. She is generous enough to pity and reſpect me for miſery which ſhe hath very unwillingly occaſioned. Accidents have confirmed what Corbett at firſt betrayed. I have too much contributed to her preſent happineſs for her to treat me untenderly: and yet my farther intimacy will increaſe her diſtreſs, even if it does not ſpread itſelf in time to her huſband. How bitterly does ſhe pay for my former ſervices! What hinders her, now that ſhe is in the arms of Henry, from looking upon my paſſion as inſulting and impious? Thoſe very ſervices. Do I then preſume, and perſecute her upon theſe? Oh indelicacy! oh folly!

But can I conquer my affection? No. It is not poſſible; it is not neceſſary. To *extinguiſh bad* paſſions, and to *regulate good* ones, are the two great points within

within the compaſs of reaſon. To covet any longer the *perſon* of Emma would be infamous. It is interdicted by law, by religion, and by God. But are the merely ſenſual paſſions then at my age ſo very groſs, that by no exertion, no intereſt, I can ſubdue them What will be the conſequence of my perſiſting? The diſtreſs of Emma, who now ſhould taſte only of joy; the ſuſpicion of Henry, whoſe heart melts in gratitude towards me; and my own conſcious upbraiding. Can I *ſuſtain* theſe, or is an obſtinate attachment to the only point which reaſon refuſes me, (and which, after all, is hopeleſs) ſtrong enough to ſupport me? But *what* then am I to do? Does reaſon bring with her no compenſations—no equipoiſe of rewards for puniſhments ſo ſevere? She does, and MANY. Shall I not rank amongſt thoſe the delights of a friendſhip

a friendſhip not leſs *tender* though leſs *intereſted*——the *ſecret*-breathed prayer for one human being whoſe happineſs is dearer to *me* than that of any other upon the earth---the generous ſigh—the ſoftening tear—the ſocial ſmile—the ſelf-gratulation—the fluſh of virtue, pleaſed with *herſelf*—the ſmile of Emma —the aſſent of HEAVEN?

Oh Mr. Corbett, we have glorious faculties, had we the reſolution to exert them. We are afraid to *begin*. The heart trembles at a view of its labour. We venture to climb the ſteep, and are diſmayed. But every difficulty of ſoul and body diminiſhes by earneſt perſeverance. However cragged the mountain, or ſlippery its path, every effort brings us nearer to the ſummit; the ſecond ſtep is eaſier than the firſt, the third is ſmoother than the ſecond.

It

It is the motive of climbing that gives us fortitude. When the motive is *ſo great* as to concern the happineſs of others, and our own duty is included, ſurely we ſhould ſtruggle to aſcend. *I*, Corbett, *have* ſtruggled—I cannot ſay how much or how long, but I can and do tell you, in the ſincerity of my ſoul, that though I am not, nor perhaps ſhall EVER be again a *happy* man, I do not wiſh either the death of Henry, or the alienation of his Emma's affection. I can ſupport the preſence of both, when ſoftneſs and wedded love ſits *faireſt* upon their features. And, though many a riſing tear warns me that it is time to retire, no ſentiment of irregular deſire invades my heart. Henry cultivates my friendſhip with kindeſt care; I do not impute to him, his *happineſs* as his *fault*. I recede not from his embrace, though I ſeldom make advances to converſation

verſation that relates to Emma, and yet Emma is his perpetual ſubject, and his darling theme. Her own conduct is ſuch as correſponds with every part of her former life. Perhaps there never was a more affecting ſituation than ſhe has to perform whenever I am preſent. It is indeed too much for a nature ſo gentle, and ſo ingenuous. But I will remove the effect, by removing the cauſe. Humanity ſhould not *preſume* to be perfect. I have carried a conqueſt as far, perhaps, as it can go. I have acquired ſtrength by an examination of weakneſs. Let me not ſink into captivity by fool-hardineſs. I have done much. In attempting more, I may loſe all the laurels I have won. Involuntary thoughts will treſpaſs on the firmeſt mind. Emma is a tender wife, a tender friend. Heaven continue her ſo, while earth hath a feeling to make life

life deſirable. But the familiar intercourſe of a private family is ſomewhat too much for me at preſent. I conſtrain Emma whenever I viſit her,- and nature impels my ſteps towards Philadelphia but too often—to appear reſtrained. I beg you will tell my ſteward to prepare Caſtleberry for my reception. I will return to England. There is no danger of a relapſe; but I am obliged to repeat the reſcuing arguments too often. A few months abſence will compleat my work. Henry and his WIFE—I wiſh, Corbett, I could write that word with a ſteadier hand—are happy. I leave them in the arms of each other. I——

——Oh Corbett, Corbett, I will ſet off for England without delay.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

To Sir ROBERT RAYMOND.

I KNOW your character, and will give you another opportunity to gratify it; for I will offer you an occaſion to oblige me. I have for ſome time felt myſelf extremely indiſpoſed, not I believe in conſequence of agitated ſpirits or of my late fatigues in nurſing the dear Henry, whom heaven has reſtored to my ſolicitude and my affections, but from ſome *other* cauſe which feels more internal.

I have not dared to breathe this matter to Henry, and indeed the ſatisfaction which I receive in ſeeing him well, and you—O my generous friend—happy, would incline me ſtill to ſilence, were not my pains growing ſo ſtrong that I cannot

cannot any longer conceal them. A little however of that kind miniſtration which your ſkilful judgement knows ſo well how to beſtow, and whoſe good effects I have already ſo frequently experienced, will, I dare ſay, ſet all right again.

Give me your advice in confidence, and without delay. Bleſſings attend your gentle heart and noble nature.

EMMA.

LETTER CXXXIX.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

MY baggage was prepared, the wind was fair, the war would not have prevented me from ſetting out for England, and yet I am delayed. Human happineſs ſhifts from point to point of her compaſs, and is never fixed.

Emma is again indiſpoſed.

You muſt not expect me.

IN CONTINUATION.

Unhappy Corbett, when will fate ceaſe to perſecute your family, or to torture your friend? I tremble at the ſymptoms which diſcover themſelves in Emma.

Yet

Yet do not deſpair. I may be deceived. We have long experienced the healing hand! Remember this, and be ſtill.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CXL.

To Sir ROBERT RAYMOND.

OH my wife, my wife—the treaſure of my exiſtence! Leave her not, Sir Robert---leave her not a moment. Long has ſhe concealed her miſery from a wretch who is fated by every means to diſtreſs her.

Yes, Sir Robert, I and only I have murdered her. I am the accurſed cauſe. Come to me, I conjure you, this mo-

ment. To what am I reſerved! Is this my happineſs---theſe the joys of poſſeſſing Emma---the great, the glorious Emma? Are ſix months of bliſs SUPREME *thus* to terminate? Oh that I had died---that I had remained for ever undiſcovered---that I had never, never ----- On my knees I beg your aid, your ſociety, your conſolation. Quit your ſolitude. Reſide, lodge, live here. I ſend by expreſs. I have orders to join my regiment again. Curſe on the war! I will have no more to do with it. Come immediately.

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXLI.

To C. CORBETT, *Esq.*

MR. Corbett, had it pleaſed heaven to turn away this bitter cup, or given me a leſs tender nature, or------

------Yet let me not dare to murmur. I am perhaps blaming what is beſt.

Wretched veteran in ſorrow, how ſhall I explain myſelf to you---how conceal, what muſt, I foreſee, be communicated?

But oh, conſider *my* miſery; I am upon the ſpot. I am a ſpectator of the ſcene---I have been behind the awful curtain.

EMMA IS POISONED!

Shall I proceed?

Henry is in the direſt parchings of a fever, into which grief, tenderneſs, and terror, have conſpired to throw him.

Oh that barbed and envenomed ſhaft! ---that execrable infection which the lovely lips of the lovelieſt woman drew from the boſom---the wounded boſom of her huſband!

This moment I have opened and read the incloſed------

Whatever be the event, be proud, Corbett, be *enthuſiaſtically proud*, that heaven made *you* the inſtrument to produce ſo much excellence and virtue as ſhines forth in Emma. I tremble. I adore!

The Incloſure, from EMMA.

I SEND this to *your* room, written in *that* of my huſband. If you do not join me in my preſent purpoſe, his affection will deſtroy him.

His fever is increaſed ſince you left his chamber, but his delirium is leſs violent. He hath an interval of ſenſe. He has juſt kiſſed my cheek: he felt it wet, and wiped off the tear. If I write legibly, come directly, and tell him that I am out of all danger: tell him that the venom is all extracted: that the preſent appearances are only the natural effects of a ſtubborn infection paſſing away: that I ſhall ſpeedily recover. If you have any friendſhip for me, induce him to believe this—induce him by your countenance, your voice, your ſpirits. It may ſtop the

progreſs of his diſorder—it may give it a turn—it may ſave his precious life. I am appealing to Sir Robert Raymond. I know the friend whom I addreſs. As to myſelf I ſhall do very well. I feel that I ſhall. I take every thing you preſcribe—I obey all the other people order me. I will refuſe nothing if you will but reſtore my Henry—reſtore my huſband------

Henry is enough himſelf to enquire what I am about? Aſks how I find myſelf. I have undrawn the curtain, and aſſured him of the alteration. He is ſenſible of it. He frequently claſped his hands, and thanked his God: his BLESSING God!

He calls for you.

Now

Now is the moment. Stay not an inſtant longer than you have read this. Haſte, oh haſte, to

EMMA.

I went. The poor man is piouſly deceived. Tears of bliſs are at this inſtant courſing along his face. He took my hand. He laid it upon his heart. Let not Emma come too near me, (ſaid he) perhaps my diſorder may injure her. Tell her I bleſs her; but let her not approach my breath any more. Oh, Sir Roberr, (continued he) you are now a witneſs to my joy. I feel nothing of my diſorder. I am quite well: bear the tidings to my wife. It will aſſiſt her recovery. It will make her happy.

I begged him to be compoſed.

He raved with incoherent joy.

Emma entered in the height of counterfeited ſpirits.

Henry was tranſported, and cried, Emma ſhall live!

IN CONTINUATION.

The fate of Emma will be ſlower than the fate of Henry—for Henry, alas, is NO MORE.

He yielded his laſt breath about eleven o'clock this night.

He died in the arms of Emma.

Emma is this moment on the bed, claſping the breathleſs body.

Heaven

Heaven thinks fit to make me a witneſs and a partaker of theſe calamities, which I relate by events, and not with the circumſtances that produced them.

The facts will torture, but the narrative would kill you: poor, beloved, war-deſpoiled old man!

I talk not to you of my feelings.

I only know that I would have ſhortened my own exiſtence many years, to have ſaved the life of the hapleſs youth whoſe corpſe is ſtretched under my eye.

This may ſeem unnatural, and ſound untrue. I am before the Searcher of Hearts, who looks into this deathful apartment. I can firmly appeal to his divine atteſtation.

IN CONTINUATION.

I have exhauſted all words of praiſe in ſpeaking of your daughter; and yet I cannot conceive a language to do her juſtice.

She was prevailed upon to leave the room of Henry ſoon after midnight. Upon ſeeing me near her as ſhe roſe, ſhe burſt into tears, and bid me look upon the bed.

It is poor Henry, (ſaid ſhe)—it is the man I ſought—the man I found—the man I ſaved—the man whom Providence lent—but to reſume. ——

It is my HUSBAND——

Alas! it *was* my huſband—I am the widowed Emma.

Be

Be it ſo. I am not deſperate. I am humiliated. It is very hard. I can ſcarcely bear it. He was extremely young. You cannot think how I loved him, Sir Robert. My heart is ready to break, but I will not repine. I know my duty. Indeed I do. And I will purſue it. You ſhall ſee I will, my friend.

Oh, Corbett, grief now wholly overwhelmed her, and ſhe fell again upon the bed.

Other duties preſs on me, ſaid ſhe. I muſt yet get health to ſuſtain them. I will compoſe myſelf.

She was led into another apartment. Her ſtep, her look, her voice, her motion, are not to be deſcribed.

EMMA took leave of HENRY. You may imagine to yourſelf ſomething like the parting.

IN CONTINUATION.

Henry is in his grave. Emma is not outrageous but inconſolable.—Grief is at her heart. Diſeaſe is preying upon her frame. But ſhe does not exalt the murmuring voice againſt the correcting hand.

I believe in God, ſaid ſhe to me, ſome time ago. My trials are extreme; but I ſhall be unworthy to join Henry again, if I ſink beneath them.

I feel that I ſhall die; but wiſh it to be a diſtant blow: for, oh, Sir Robert, I have reaſons—*ſuch* reaſons!

IN

IN CONTINUATION.

Her reaſons yet to live cannot any longer be concealed from you, my venerable afflicted !

Your daughter would live to be the parent of that LITTLE ONE with which Henry has left her——

SHE IS WITH CHILD.

The poiſon will not, I hope——

And yet it is poſſible that——

------The caſe is new.

IN CONTINUATION.

Emma has formed another reſolution, of which Emma alone is capable.

Thus

Thus ſhe ſpoke :------

My aged father, my diſtracted Louiſa, my dear Henry's ſiſter; oh lead me to them. My medicines may be taken on the ſea. In following a virtuous, and heaven-directed affection, I have no idea of peril. Henry is dead, and I have nothing to fear—a friend—a parent lives, and I have yet a little to hope. Oh, Author of Nature, endue me with new force, new patience. Sir Robert, be ſtill yourſelf, and quit not Emma.

You know my anſwer.

We are upon our return. Emma is very commodiouſly ſituated. She has a cabin to herſelf. All that art could do in medicine has been attempted.

It is in vain------

------Corbett,

------Corbett, **ſhe muſt die.**

You will loſe your daughter------

Her malady is gradual, but ſure---
I dare not flatter you.

IN CONTINUATION.

I went a little while ago into the cabin, and found your lovely one, anticipating all the tender providence of a mother. She was employed in thoſe ſoft cares which the proſpect—the very near proſpect of her travail juſtified.

------A little white robe or wrapper lay on the table finiſhed before her.

------She had begun to plait the cap.

------If

——If theſe, Sir Robert, (ſaid ſhe) ſhould ever become uſeful—if I ſhould follow my huſband ere I can ſuckle his child at this faithful boſom, do not forget—I conjure you do not—if the little wretch ſhould live—do not forget to tell it that it was a mother's hand which prepared the mantle that firſt wrapped its tender form. Tell it, that for it's dear ſake I would have *lived* had it been poſſible——

Then pauſing a little, ſhe exclaimed —and here is my huſband's picture—in that trunk are Emma's letters—yonder is the man's apparel in which I ſought for my poor Henry. Theſe legacies of love, (the pledges of a parent's fidelity) I bequeath my child, happen what may. They cannot but be precious. Will they not be valued, think you, Sir Robert?

She

She perceived that my diſtreſs was too great.

Sir Robert Raymond, I glory in your attachment; I glory in your friendſhip. Had the world contained, or *could* it *ever* contain, any man in the eyes of Emma, but him who ſleeps beneath its ſurface, it is not a queſtion who would have captivated her heart.

At what a time was this ſpoken! Oh, Mr. Corbett, the ſingle ſenſation of that moment was worth a myriad of vulgar lives.

IN CONTINUATION.

We are landed. Emma lives.-----We ſend this by the poſt, which is juſt ſetting out. It will reach you ſome hours before we ſhall. I write to prevent ſurprizes.

prizes. For heaven's ſake exert yourſelf to meet your daughter. Let me prepare you for her appearance. Be not too much alarmed at her languor. You muſt not expect to ſee the bloom in her cheek, the luſtre in her eye, nor her proportion of limbs, ſo exactly formed or furniſhed; yet ſhe is truly touching, truly lovely.

I am myſelf much changed: but indeed my friend, I ſhall be, to the lateſt moment of my exiſtence,

Unalterably your's,

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXLII.

To FREDERICK BERKLEY, *Esq.*

THE incloſed rough draught of letters will enable you, oh my friend, to trace the veſtiges of ſome unhappy human beings ſince their departure from London to their return.

At preſent fortune ſeems to continue our wretchedneſs by means the moſt complicate and inventive.

Two hours ago we arrived at the houſe of the unfortunate Corbett. It was with the utmoſt difficulty his daughter reached town.

The firſt object that ſtruck her was a HEARSE ſtanding cloſe beſide her father's door.

door. In the paſſage ſhe beheld the undertakers bearing a coffin down ſtairs. The woe-worn Corbett was ſupported between two ſervants, to take his laſt mournful leave of the friend whoſe remains were about to be depoſited. He could not move. He had not received my letter from Portſmouth, diſpatched three days before. It had been misſent. The letter did not come to hand till two hours after our arrival. He was not PREPARED to receive us.

Our chaiſe drew up ſtill cloſer. Emma ruſhed out.---The poor old man—— the daughter——

——We are not provided with a language to expreſs theſe horrors.——

Almoſt an hour the child and parent remained ſpeechleſs—it was ſurprize and agony, at once dumb and dreadful.

The

The hearſe waited. The coffin was placed in it, and ſhut up.

The bell is at this inſtant tolling for poor LOUISA: The ſexton is come to tell the attendants that the clergyman is waiting. Wretched wife of Edward! She died diſtracted. The hearſe is driving off.

What a houſe is here! Alas, it has long and truly been the houſe of mourning!

Corbett and Emma are ſtill together in the next room to that in which I write. The ſervants look amazement and diſmay.

I hear, methinks, the voice of my aged aſſociate in friendſhip and in ſorrow. I am called ſuddenly and haſtily.

Oh friend, oh Berkley: to what am I reſerved! A PREMATURE LABOUR has been brought on by hurry, agitation, and fatigue. This morning's ſun ſees Emma the mother of a *living* child.—The poiſon ſeems not to have been in the leaſt degree communicated to this precious pledge. It is a female.

Alas! Emma would leap for joy at this circumſtance; ſhe would forget awhile her woes in viewing the babe whom Henry had bequeathed. She would preſent it with ſome teſtimony of maternal tranſport to her drooping father. But that—even Henry's offſpring can no longer ſoothe——for EMMA CORBETT IS dead.

Her death inſtantly ſucceeded the pangs of the birth. It happened at midnight. Her frame muſt have dropped in

in conſequence of the venom, which reſiſted the force and ſubtilty of all application. Soon— too ſoon—would the fair victim of conſtancy have ſunk to the tomb; but theſe precipitating agonies added to the reſt—oh they were too much. She fell before them.

In the expiring moment ſhe called me to her—"'Tis Emma's infant: take it, ſaid ſhe: it is a parting gift—I *can* no more——my father—my poor father!"——

She dropped upon the pillow, from whence ſhe twice vainly endeavoured to raiſe her head, and lift her eye to the objects about her——THEN BREATHED HER LAST.

Thus lived, and thus died, the moſt faithful and beautiful of women.

Charles Corbett ſtands fixed over the corpſe of his daughter.

The old man is now bereft of all! "I am childleſs, Sir Robert, (he exclaimed)——Behold what CIVIL WAR has done for me."———

Berkley, I have kiſſed the clay-cold lips---I have preſſed the clay-cold hand. On that bed---that very bed———

——But I dare not indulge reflection. *Pierced* as I am, I would fain preſerve a decent ſorrow. Ah that I were in my grave! Impious wiſh! Is there a ſingle point of ſpace in the petty allotment of man, in which ſomething important is not to be done?

Yon aged forlorn one, now weeping over his child, looks up to me alone for

for ſomething which reſembles comfort, during the wretched reſidue of life.

The funeral obſequies of Emma are yet to be performed——

The widow of Edward hath left a ſon——

The widow of Henry a daughter——

I will not die till Heaven's appointed hour: I have much occaſion ſtill for life.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CXLIII.

To the SAME.

I AM juſt come from the moſt agonizing ceremony, oh Frederick, that can poſſibly paſs under the eye of man! ---May you never feel what otherwiſe you can never know! Eaſy in your fortunes, quiet in your ſituation, unconnected in your intereſts, you can, happily for you, have no conception---at leaſt no perfect one---of that rend in the heart which is made by death, when youth, innocence, and beauty, are committed to the duſt---when the parent hangs his drooping head over the laſt ſad manſion---when the orphans———

What have I ſaid? Youth, innocence, and beauty!---and do *all* theſe then

then go down to the earth's cold boſom? Shall none of them aſcend? The gloom of the ſoul carries ſenſation almoſt into ſin! They ſhall ALL aſcend! The *one* ſhall inſure everlaſting exiſtence to the *others*. Innocence ſhall immortalize beauty and youth.

I am reaſoning with an almoſt breaking heart, Berkley; while poor old Corbett, the ſurvivor of his family, in all the ſolemn pathos of grief, forgets every pain of body, nurſing that which is ſeated within.

The romance of youth may teach you to expect that I ſhould ſummon to my aſſiſtance every infernal power---that I ſhould tax heaven itſelf with cruelty, and take refuge from altercating man, amidſt the friendly concealment of impenetrable woods. This may, per-

haps, anſwer the purpoſe of the novelliſt, but it correſponds not with the nature of your friend. No, Berkley. It is not in a moment like this that the truly touched and truly tender indulge themſelves in outrage. The firſt burſt is paſt: that which began with loudneſs, with vehemence, and with vociferation, ſettles into the ſtill, the ſolemn, and the affecting. The temper, ſtormy and headſtrong, of Corbett himſelf, terminates in the eloquence of dumb diſtreſs.

The tears fall faſt from me as I write. More *impetuous* periods I have felt: ſo *awful* and ſo *affecting* a criſis, never. You, who knew not Emma, and have not a regular though you have a worthy heart, cannot know what I have loſt. The manner of her death—the motive—and the whole tenour of circumſtances

connected

connected with it, throw over every paſſage of the ſcene, a colour ſo movingly ſad, that I ſit wonder-ſtruck in the room, and ſeem almoſt in my grave, with the world about me.

I have exerted myſelf to ſay thus much at the winding up of this ſolemn cataſtrophe, leſt you, my dear Berkley, or any other perſon into whoſe hands theſe incidents may fall, ſhould preſume to queſtion the ways of ALMIGHTY GOD, which are juſtifiable in every part of this pathetic ſtory. Erroneous notions of puniſhment and reward are perhaps the leading ſteps to irreligion and infidelity.

The vile herd of novelliſts have done an eſſential injury to the cauſe of virtue, by ſacrificing to the pleaſure of the reader beyond the ſimplicity of truth.

Difficulty,

Difficulty in the beginning of a narrative; love, in the middle; and marriage, at the end, make up, almoſt invariably, the recipe of a modern romance: This is called rewarding virtue. A bad character or two, perhaps, drops off, and that is called puniſhing vice. Falſe, fooliſh, concluſion!

Look into life. Doth not heaven's bleſſed beam ſhine equally on the juſt and the unjuſt? Are all rewards ſo mechanically contrived? Hath virtue no joys of her *own?*—joys, which generous ſorrow can only produce? Is the ſacred ſtruggle of a good man *altogether afflictive?* To paſs through a road perplexed and thorny—to travel through an hard and difficult life, without tearing the finer principles from the heart, doth it require no better conduct than moves in the machinery of thoſe contemptible

temptible pages where all is given up to lettered art, and diſtorted imagination? Are there no ſweets in the penſive ſigh—the pious tear? Break they from the mourner without offering him *any* balm? Hath heaven-born conſtancy no comforts? Conſider the life of Emma! Hath death, at once virtuous and chriſtian, nothing to lift the ſurvivor's ſpirits above every care of vulgar being?

Oh Frederick, I am touched by a very tender example. In lamenting as I *now* lament, ſay, my friend, are there *no* dear and welcome mitigations? Yes, I feel,—I *feel* that there are. Would I part with this generous grief? Ah no! What would I take in exchange?—The univerſe ſhould not buy it from me. I even anticipate the holy ſatisfaction, when I ſhall ſteal from the ſhout and ſtrife of ſociety to the tomb of virtuous

tuous woman. Think you I love her leſs becauſe I no more ſhall ſee her? Hath ſhe ſuffered in my eſteem *by her aſcenſion into heaven?* Shall ſhe loſe as an angel, what ſhe acquired as a mortal? I love her better. The Omnipotent placed her in the path of my life to fix and concentrate the beſt of paſſions. I am not of a diſpoſition or age to change again.

Oh that the daughter of Emma may live! Shall I be content with a parent's *common* duty—to clothe, to feed, to educate? Conſider, Berkley, *whoſe* babe it is!

I have hurried down ſtairs to examine my treaſure!

——It lives, it ſleeps. I have felt its gentle breath on my cheek.

God

God will ſpare it. *Louiſa*'s orphan too is mine. *Corbett* too ſhall live. I have moved towards his bed-ſide often ſince I began to write. His face is hid —he will not yet endure exiſtence, but the hours of reſignation are at hand.

I conjure you then, Berkley, to *ſettle* your opinions about Providence. Bring your piety to a point. Cultivate your tenderneſs. Love, like Emma; and if you meet with *ſuch* a diſappointment, do not *transfer* your affection, but turn it to a generous account. The *vulgar* effect of tender diſtreſs is diſſipation or deſpair. Had I yielded to theſe, a poor old man would have wanted a friend; two lovely infants, a parent; and I, the ſelf-approving *boſom-ray*, which chears my ſpirit in this vale of ſorrow. *Circumſcribe* not, therefore, the rewards of heaven.

The

The writer of a romance would paint me as a wretch without hope, who calls down the ſtroke of fate in pity to his aid. Attend *you* to the reality, my friend; and behold a man who wiſhes ſtill to live; and who thinks himſelf rewarded.

Farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CXLIV.

To the SAME.

WE are removed to Caſtleberry. Oh, it was a gloomy and mournful greeting that I paid it!—Every tree, every book, every chair, appeared before me as the *ſpectre of a buried joy*. Emma enters

enters the boſom and touches at a thouſand points.—Yet even in *this* woe, there is a mixture of ſweetneſs. I would not be without it. The mad metropolis, I am told is juſt illuminated for ſucceſs in battle. The houſe of Corbett is an example of the reaſons *either* party have to rejoice on this, or on any ſimilar occaſion. It is not an enemy that hath done this great miſchief—it is, we may truly ſay, our late familiar friend.

I enter the metropolis no more. A few years only can be mine. They ſhall be engaged in reconciling my poor dear Corbett to life, on heaven's own terms, and preparing for age a peaceful pillow; for infancy a nurſing cradle. Berkley, congratulate me! My children are both well. The bounty of the Almighty is upon me.

Oh

Oh friend, receive my cordial bleſſing: let your heart be kind, your life be pure, and——farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CXLV.

To the SAME.

IN the cloſe of our correſpondence on this ſubject, receive the tribute of a tender tearful moment — receive an Epitaph for Emma's marble.

The *little* Emma will, I fondly fancy, reſemble her cherub mother: at leaſt, I am hourly ſhaping her lovely features into imaginary ſimilitude; and when affection is looking for a likeneſs, ſhe either finds or forms it.

But

But whatever be the *exterior* of this dear, *dear* legacy, oh may her *mind* take its colour from the parent; and Emma, who is in heaven, again give luſtre to earth in the virtues of her child.

Adieu!

ROBERT RAYMOND.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE

MONUMENT OF EMMA.*

AH paſs not yet---If thou didſt ever know
The tendereſt touches of impaſſion'd woe!
Paſs not---if Truth, and Fortitude, and Love,
Can ſtay thy footſteps, or thy ſpirit move!
Paſs not---if every elegance of ſoul
Can charm thy ſenſes, or thy ſteps controul.
Paſs not---if more than Roman virtue, here
With more than female ſoftneſs, claim the tear.
Nor paſs, if heaven-born ſympathy have art
To urge the thrilling pulſes of thy heart.
But if nor ſuffering worth thy ſoul can move,
Nor the ſweet impulſe of a generous love;
If fortitude, with glowing beauty join'd,
Know not the power to captivate thy mind;

If

* The Author of Emma Corbett is indebted for this monumental tribute to an elegant and tender friend.

If health, if joy, devoted to the tomb,
If life, laid down to ward a lover's doom ;
If patience, perſeverance, ardour, truth,
Blended with every charm of female youth : —
If theſe, and every virtue, every grace,
Want power to melt the ſoul upon thy face :
Then quickly paſs---this hallowed ſpot forbear!
THE FEELING HEART ALONE SHOULD TARRY HERE.

FINIS.

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